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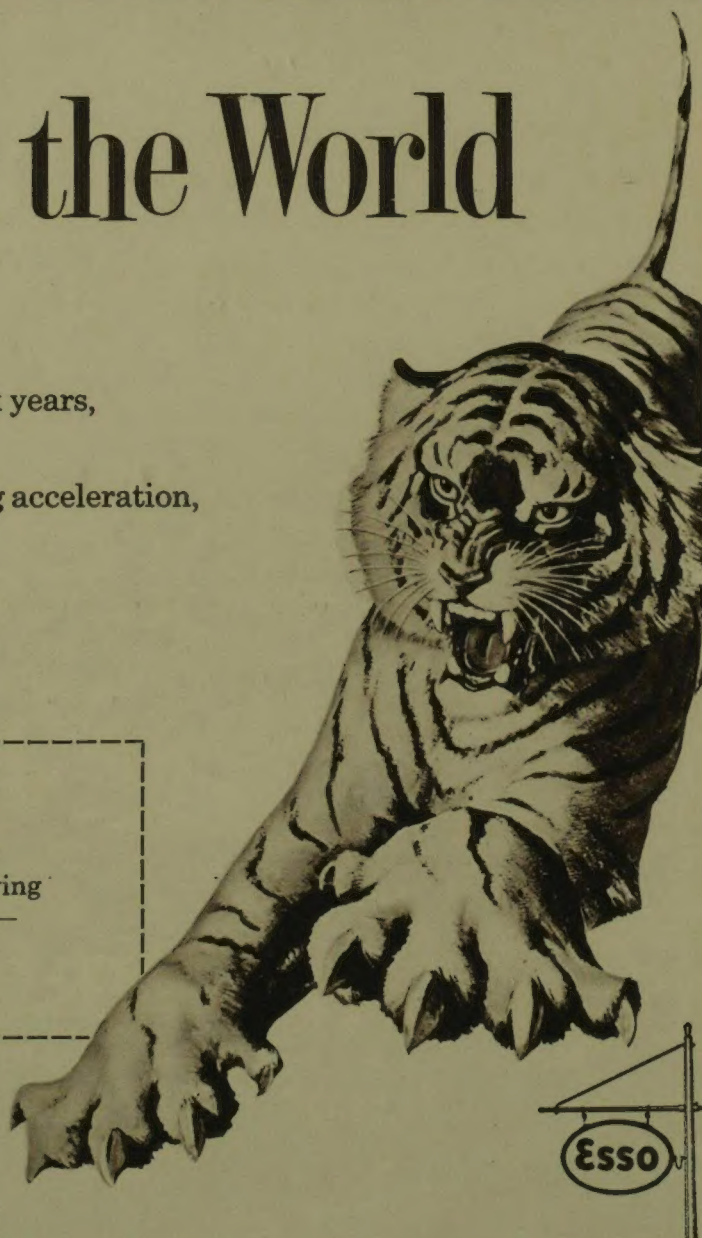
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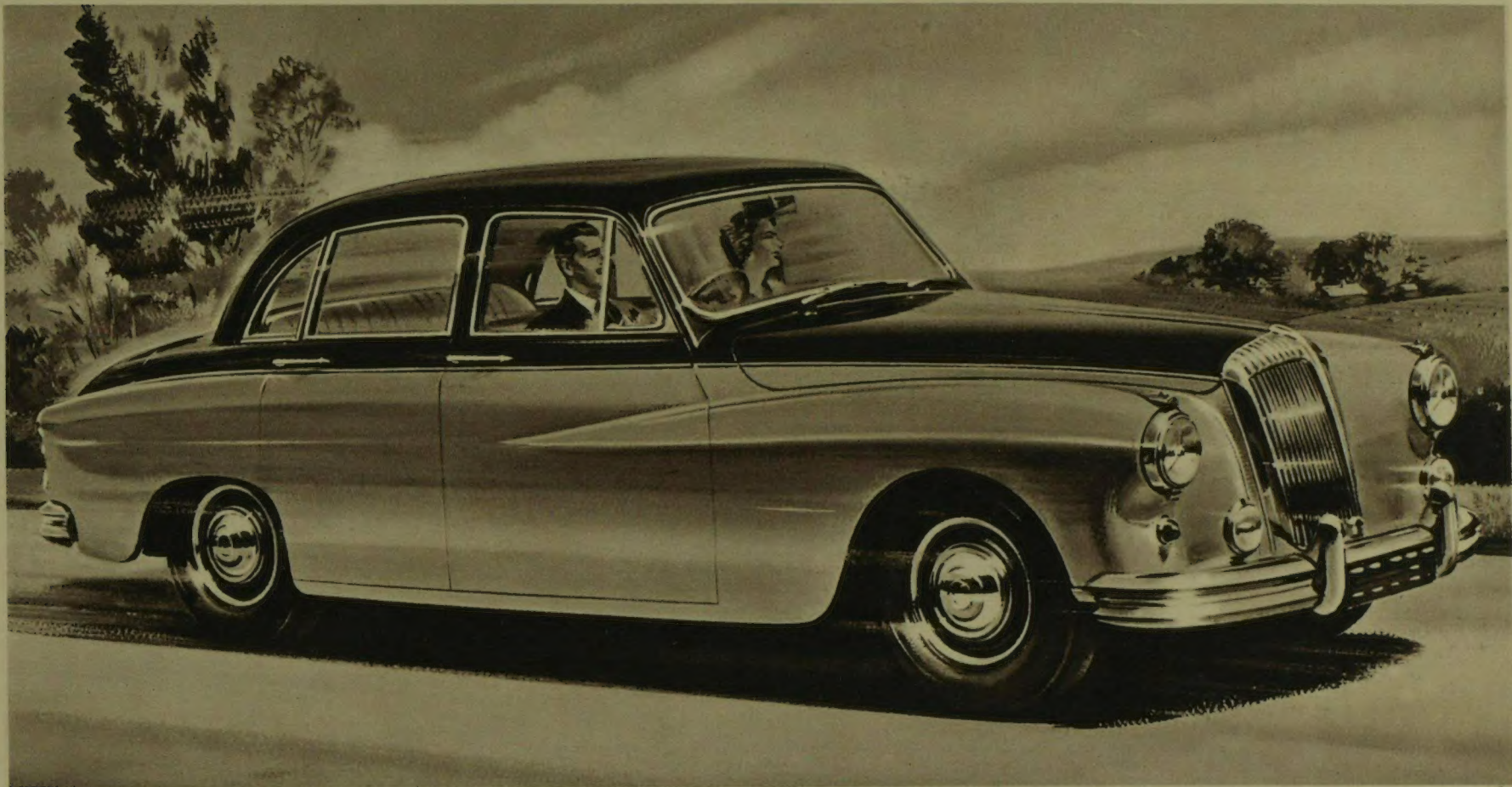


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'The Motor': 'The automatic transmission... suits the Majestic extremely well. A refinement is a separate intermediate-gear lock which prevents the transmission automatically changing up when the accelerator pedal is eased.' **'Top Gear':** 'The automatic transmission makes for simplicity in handling and it is a fact that its utilisation cuts driving manipulations by 70%.'

John Bolster: 'This big unit (the engine) suits the Borg-Warner transmission particularly well and one is immediately impressed by the liveliness of the car.' (*Automatic Transmission is included in the standard specification without extra charge.*)

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Of the generous seating arrangements, the superlative quality, the handling characteristics and

the general high quality of the appointments, the experts write as follows:

'The Motor': 'The Majestic will carry six people in complete comfort and without the squeezing that is necessary on many cars which pass for six-seaters.' **John Eason Gibson of Country Life:** 'While the suspension is soft and comfortable, clever design has almost entirely eliminated roll. Once one is accustomed to the car, corners can be taken fast and with complete security and stability.' **Stirling Moss (in the Sunday Times):** '... there is no wallow even when cornering fast. Steering is light and accurate... Visibility is very good—you can easily see both front wings.' **The 'Financial Times':** 'The spacious interior of the Majestic is made all the more convenient by virtue of the floor being almost flat.' **John Bolster:** 'The price of the Daimler must be regarded as strictly reasonable; in fact several of my friends suggested that it should cost over £4,000.'

Without any obligation, please contact your local Daimler Dealer and arrange a demonstration run. You will find it an exhilarating experience during which you can judge the experts' opinions for yourself. Copies of the full Road Test Reports and the names of local Dealers will be sent to you without obligation, on application to: The Daimler Co. Ltd., Dept. 19, P.O. Box No. 29, Coventry.

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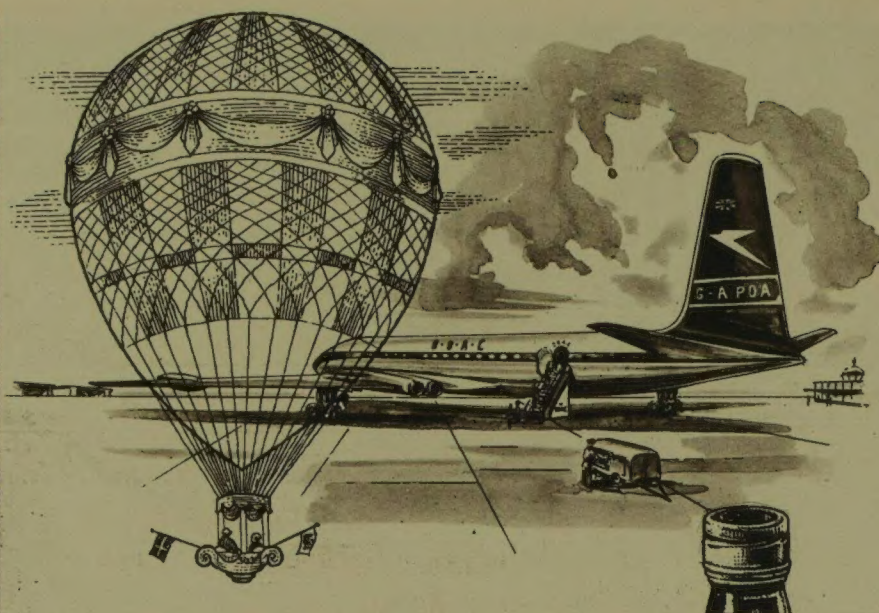


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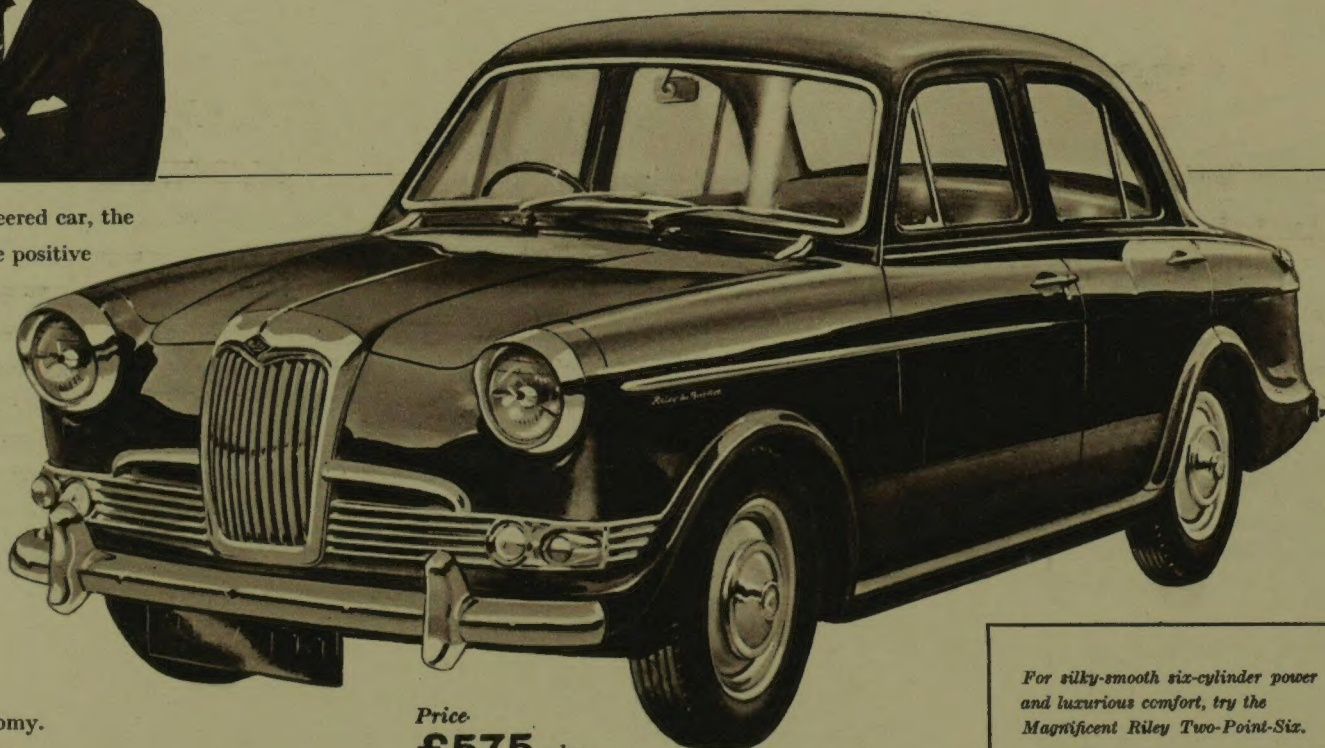


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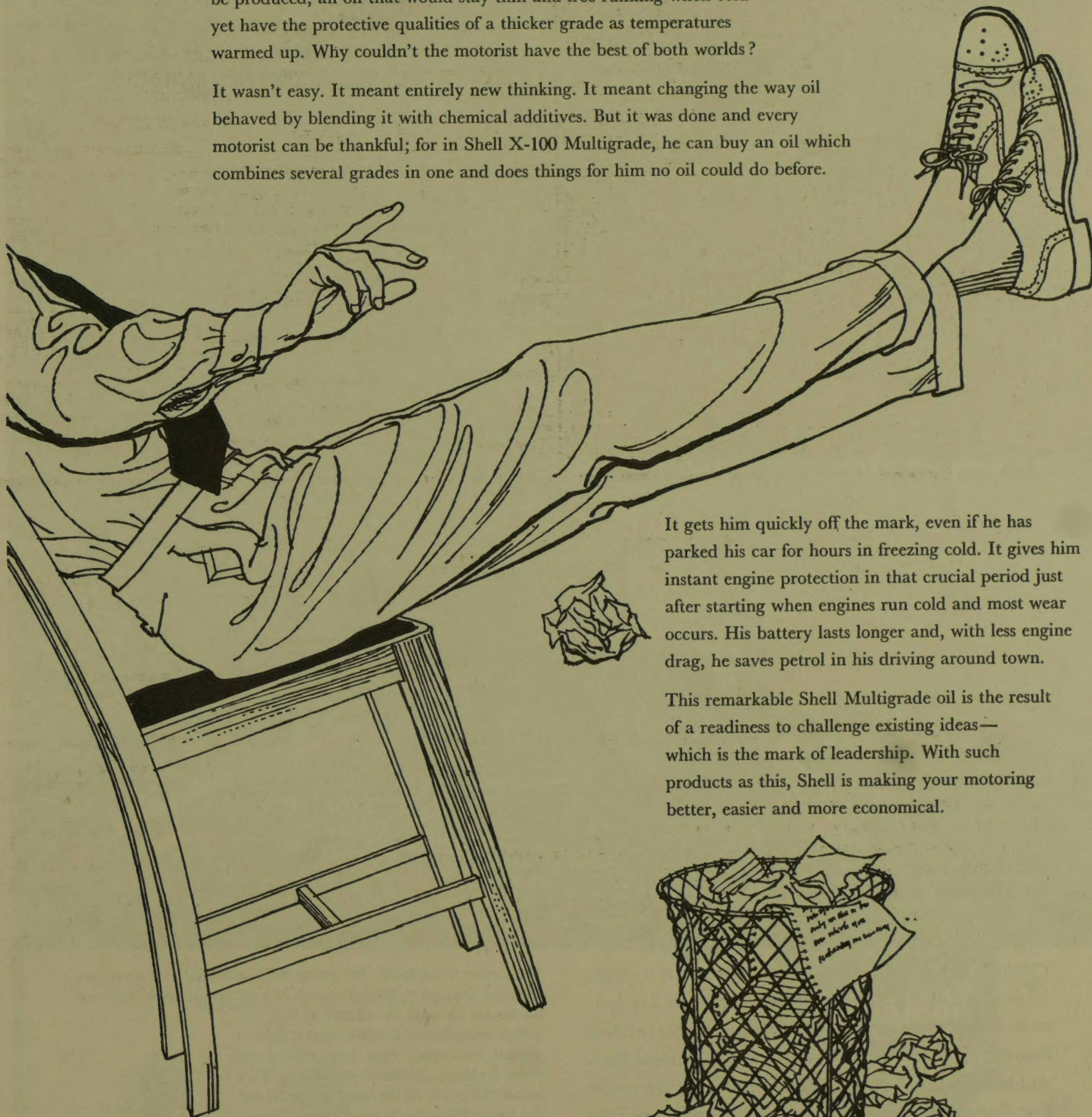


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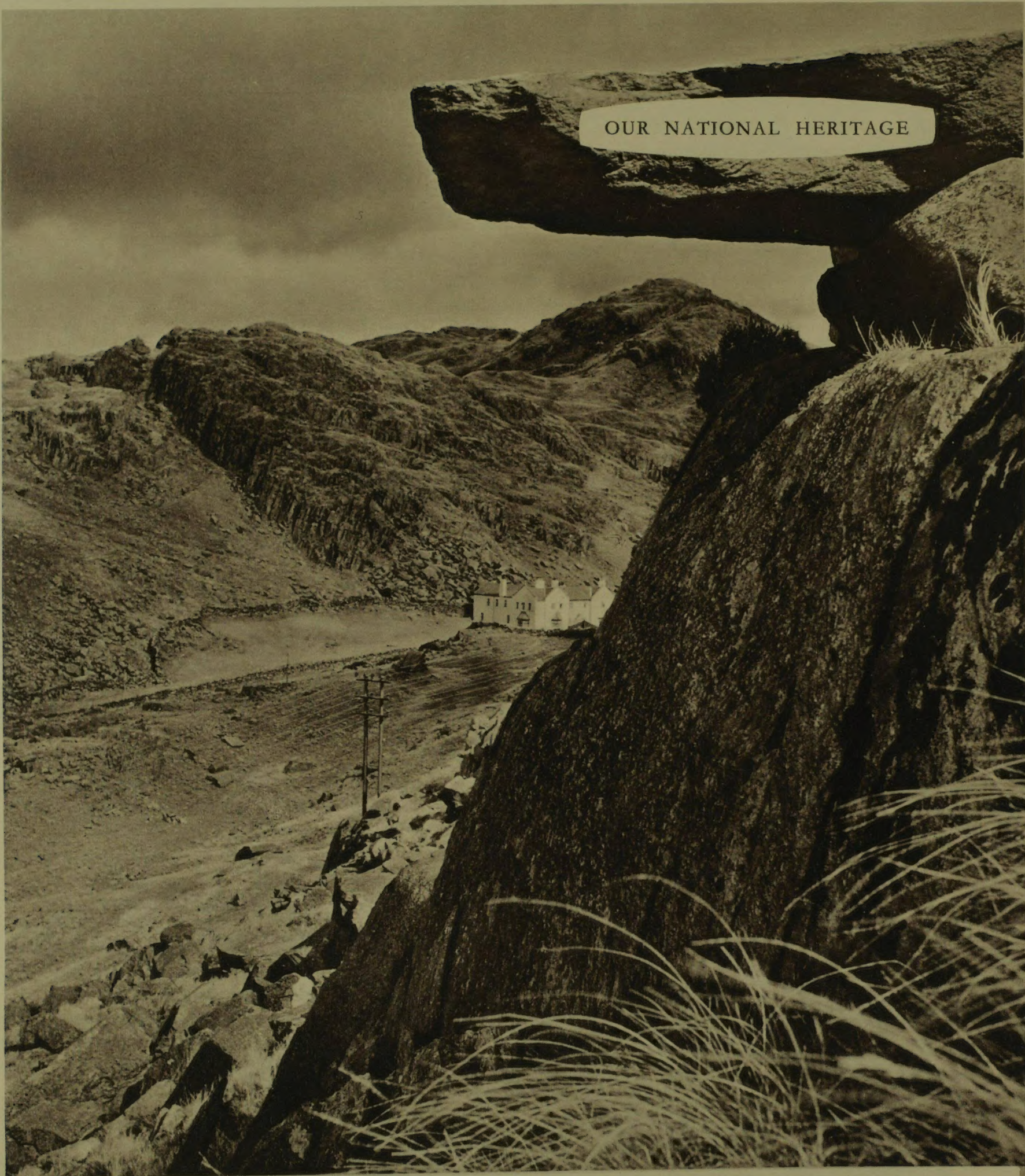


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That shall laugh at all disaster,
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SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1959.



THE JAPANESE CROWN PRINCE'S MARRIAGE TO A COMMONER: PRINCE AKIHITO WITH HIS BRIDE.

On April 10, for the first time in over 2000 years of Japanese history, a commoner—Miss Michiko Shoda, daughter of a wealthy flour merchant—took the title of Crown Princess. Both groom and bride are twenty-four and they met at a tennis match. They became engaged last November. The ceremony itself was simple—it lasted only fifteen minutes—and took place in the Kashikodokoro, a sacred one-room building within the walls of

the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. Only the preliminary scenes outside the Palace were televised and the ceremony was not shown. The Royal couple became man and wife after both had sipped three times from a cup of rice wine. In this picture the bride and bridegroom are wearing their ceremonial robes. The bride's kimono is made up of twelve layers of heavy silks and brocades, held in place by a single narrow nylon tie; she is wearing a black wig.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN JAPAN: THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS AFTER THE CEREMONY; THE DRIVE THROUGH THE CITY; AND A POLICE SCUFFLE.



PRECEDED BY THE CHIEF RITUALIST, THE PRINCESS LEAVES THE IMPERIAL SANCTUARY, HAVING EXCHANGED HER MATRIMONIAL VOWS. IN HER HANDS IS A SYMBOLIC BIRCHWOOD FAN; HER 6-FT. TRAIN IS CARRIED BY HER CHIEF LADY-IN-WAITING.



THE FIRST TOASTS—WITH SACRED "SAKE"—WITH THE



EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, WHO DID NOT ATTEND THE WEDDING.



LED BY THE CHIEF RITUALIST, CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO LEAVES THE IMPERIAL SANCTUARY AFTER THE CEREMONY, WHICH WAS PERFORMED IN THE 1600-YEAR-OLD COURT STYLE.



THE ROYAL COUPLE CROSS MIJUBASHI—THE DOUBLE BRIDGE OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE—AT THE BEGINNING OF THEIR DRIVE THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF TOKYO.



THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE, WHO IS WEARING THE "FIRST ORDER OF THE SACRED CROWN." POSE FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS AFTER THE WEDDING.



WEARING A PINK SILK DRESS, MICHIKO SHODA LEAVES HER FATHER'S HOUSE. THE TRADITIONAL LEAVE-TAKING IS KNOWN AS "SAYONARA."



A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD YOUTH IS ARRESTED AFTER HE HAD ATTACKED THE ROYAL COUPLE IN THEIR STATE COACH (LEFT), JUST AFTER THEY HAD LEFT THE IMPERIAL PALACE TO START THEIR RIDE THROUGH THE CITY.

The marriage of the Crown Prince Akihito with Miss Michiko Shoda, a commoner, has been extremely popular with the Japanese public, although some members of the Royal family were opposed to the match. In the weeks preceding the wedding, Tokyo had been a scene of gaiety and excitement, which steadily increased as the wedding date grew nearer. Tokyo was particularly colourful with its strings of flags and lanterns. In the centre of the city at night neon lights flashed

out good wishes. The portrait of the Royal couple has appeared in most shop windows. Most baby girls born during the past few months have been named after the popular bride, and since the couple first met on a tennis court, tennis rackets have been sold under the name of "Michi" and songwriters have been using such titles as "Two at Tennis." For the wedding, people from all over Japan converged upon Tokyo. To avoid a crush, millions stayed at home to watch the

procession on their television sets and police installed over a hundred sets along the route to enable everyone to have a view. For her drive the Princess wore a white and gold gown, a diamond tiara and necklace and the Order of the Sacred Crown. The procession itself was marked by the absence of any pomp or military display. Order was broken only by the attack upon the Royal couple by a student, who "did not believe in the Emperor system." By tradition, the Emperor and

Empress did not attend the ceremony—they watched it on a television set at the Imperial Palace—and had their first official meeting with their daughter-in-law directly after the wedding, when they invested her with the Order of the Sacred Crown, the highest Imperial honour which can be bestowed upon a woman. The Royal couple will stay in the Eastern Palace, the present residence of the Crown Prince, until the new palace which is being built for them is completed.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT was, I think, Lord Roehampton, in Hilaire Belloc's gallery of peers with memorable experiences, who suffered so severely from the Budget—the Budget, that is, of the year in which this hereditary legislator expired, somewhere, I suppose, in the latter and less fortunate part of the reign of that genial and well-cushioned monarch, King Edward VII. He had the misfortune, it may be remembered, to strain a vocal chord while explaining in a very loud and emphatic voice at an election meeting why in his opinion the Budget should not be allowed to win. After the injured member had been examined by his doctor, the indignant nobleman was ordered by the physician to refrain from all speech for a week. This proved too much for his limited powers of self-repression and when a week later the doctor, hiring

"a brand new car with brand-new tyres
And brand-new chauffeur all complete
For visiting South Audley Street,"*

called at his client's town mansion he was met by a most depressing spectacle—the flag over the stables at the back no longer flying and the gay parterre in the garden empty and un-perambulated by "toffs escorting ladies fair." The only sign of life, in fact—for the house was a chamber of death—was the appearance of the butler who, when summoned to the front door, greeted the doctor with the words,

"Oh, Sir, prepare to hear the worst!
Last night my poor old master burst,
And, what is more, I doubt if he
Has left enough to pay your fee—
The Budget . . . !"

What would have happened to Lord Roehampton if instead of the Budget of, say, 1910, he had suddenly been presented with Mr. Heathcoat-Amory's Budget of 1959, it is not hard to conjecture. Instead of hailing it, as we have done, as a merciful dispensation, this grand but over-emotional Edwardian magnate would almost certainly have burst instantaneously without even finding words to express his horror at the measure, let alone calling in a doctor to examine his larynx!

Everything in this world is a matter of comparison. We all of us, even, I imagine, landed Dukes, have welcomed Mr. Heathcoat-Amory's review of the fiscal impositions of the coming financial year, not because they are light—by Lord Roehampton's standards they would seem utterly outrageous and as revolutionarily penal and annihilating as the condemned cell, the tumbril and the guillotine—but because they are somewhat lighter than those we have endured for the past nineteen years. A single man with an income of £50,000 a year—and I imagine that Lord Roehampton's was far in excess of even this figure—will still pay £40,627 2s. 6d. in income tax and surtax—and a married one only a few pounds less—in addition, of course, to all the other imposts, national and local, he will have to meet to support the Welfare State and all the vast salaried and pensioned or pensionable personnel and fabulous expenditure of our innumerable organs of public administration. Ever since

1939 and even earlier, we have been living in a Fabian world in which the "community"—that is, the elected politicians and permanent officials who represent and govern the community—and not the individual is the real owner of all goods and services. The individual subject may still call himself a landowner or own shares or houses or articles of use or art, but the community's right to ordain what he does with them, to take them from him and to levy imposts, however onerous, on them is absolute and unchallenged. And the proof of the pudding is in the eating; the more property one possesses, the more one is at the beck and call of the various functionaries who represent the community and who are for ever exercising inquisitorial or mulcting or confiscatory rights in conformity with the rights over all "private" property conferred on them by the

factory owner, the landowner or rentier who is monarch of all he surveys in the Britain of the mid-twentieth century, but the tax collector, the inspector, the gentleman from County Hall or from the all-powerful Government Department or Public Authority in London. The only rich individuals who are on velvet are those who contrive to compound with their statutory masters and so enjoy tax-free directors' Bentleys or Jaguars, tax-free meals and drinks at the Dorchester or its provincial town equivalent, and capital compensation grants on retirement or cessation of their directorial activities. But even these rich perquisites are, in reality, enjoyed only by grace and favour. Before long, perhaps, there will be another turn of the screw and they will all vanish. The Divine Right of Kings, standing, as has been said, on its head, is now firmly, and seemingly eternally, established in the land of John Hampden and Peter Wentworth. To them Mr. Heathcoat-Amory's gentle utterance and Mr. Dalton's loud-voiced ones—booming forth with a "song in his heart"—of a decade or more ago, would have sounded equally horrifying.

Of course, judged by the standards of our own day, Mr. Heathcoat-Amory's second Budget is an admirable one; within the scope offered him by our existing social ideology and political system, I cannot see how it could have been bettered. It is the work of an eminently shrewd and sensible man who thoroughly knows his business, and the probability is that, if he should remain in his present office for a further few years, he will take a permanent place in history with our half-dozen greatest Chancellors of the Exchequer—with Gladstone and Disraeli, and even though they did their great restorative work as First Lord of the Treasury and not as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with William Pitt the younger and Robert Walpole. His primary object, as that of all great Chancellors of the Exchequer, has been, in providing for the nation's public services—inflated and wasteful as they now

are—to foster and stimulate the productive activity of the individual upon whose efforts the creation and preservation of all wealth depends under our present or any other system. "What I'm really after," he said in his modest and appealing broadcast to the nation on Budget night, "is to get things moving, to put us on our mettle, and get us fighting fit to meet world competition. If we keep our prices down through greater efficiency in production and through moderation in wage demands we can compete with anyone—anywhere. We can now expect to increase production, and some further increase in total spending is therefore safe. But I am even more anxious to encourage a high level of savings on which increasing investment and our future prosperity depend." "I believe," he ended his Budget speech, which even the Leader of the Opposition described as a massive performance, "the measures I have proposed will bring benefits directly or indirectly to every section in the community and will give an invigorating stimulus to the economy that will encourage us as a nation to make the most of the opportunities that lie before us." That, in a nutshell, is what a well-framed Budget should do.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION AND QUOTATION FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF APRIL 16, 1859.



"THE REMAINS OF THE ROMAN CITY, URICONIUM, NOW BEING EXCAVATED AT WROXETER, SHROPSHIRE."

Archæology has always been a regular and important feature of *The Illustrated London News*—to-day as well as one hundred years ago, when we wrote: "It is the first time we have had the opportunity of ascertaining the character and condition of a Roman town in Britain to any satisfactory extent, and the discovery has a similar interest for the history of Roman Britain as that of Pompeii had for Roman Italy . . . we have hardly explored two acres, and I am told that the area within the ancient town walls is about 1400 acres, not to mention the cemeteries outside." Uriconium, it is interesting to note, is now being used by the Extra-mural department of Birmingham University as a base and practical training ground for student archæologists on three levels of study, preliminary, intermediate and advanced.

Legislature. Mr. Heathcoat-Amory's "give-away" Budget constitutes no exception to this long-established principle; it leaves all, rich and poor alike—and particularly the rich—what our individualistic, liberty-loving Victorian and Georgian forbears would have regarded as slaves. One would have to go back in time to Cromwell's Major-Generals or the more extreme of Charles I's and Laud's claimants of monarchical Divine Right—and even they, I suspect, would be horrified by modern fiscal practice—to find Englishmen of the past who would look on any Budget of our age with anything but revulsion. They would, indeed, before the triumph of Fabian thought—operating on the hideous social phenomena produced by the combination of *laissez-faire* economics and the Industrial Revolution—have provoked an instantaneous revolution.

"Doesn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy,
Proputtty, proputtty, proputtty—that's what I
'ears 'em saäy,"

declared Tennyson's Northern Farmer, New Style. He would scarcely be likely to hear them saying that to-day. It is not the successful farmer or

* From "Cautionary Tales," by Hilaire Belloc. Duckworth and Company.

ROYAL OCCASIONS THE WORLD APART: THE QUEEN IN OXFORDSHIRE AND THE DUKE IN THE PACIFIC.



A DELIGHTFUL INCIDENT DURING THE QUEEN'S OXFORDSHIRE TOUR: THREE-YEAR-OLD CHARLES EARLY PRESENTS A WITNEY BLANKET TO HER MAJESTY.



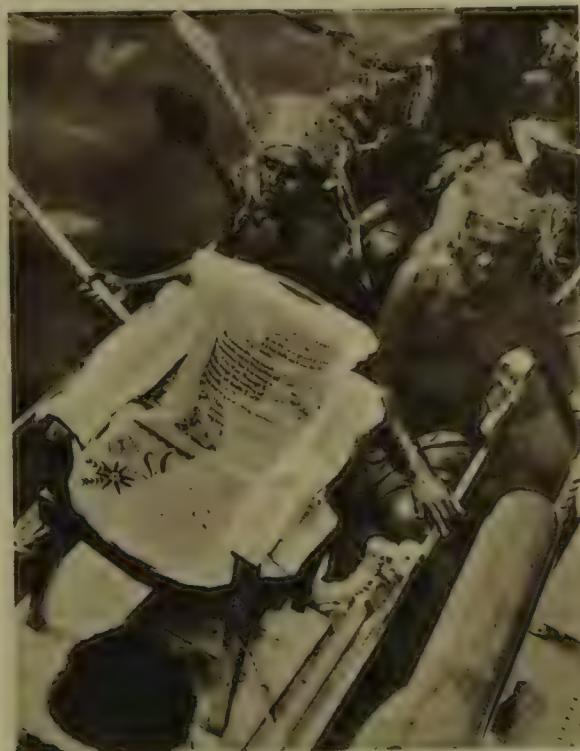
AT WOODSTOCK: THE QUEEN RECEIVES A PAIR OF LOCALLY-MADE GLOVES FROM THE MAYOR, MR. C. W. BANBURY. SHE ALSO SAW LOCALLY-MADE GLOVES TRADITIONALLY WORN BY ELIZABETH I. On April 8 the Queen made a 90-mile tour of Oxfordshire, visiting Banbury, Chipping Norton, Woodstock, Ditchley Park, Witney, Shirburn Castle and Henley. Three-year-old Charles Early not only presented the blanket to the Queen but took it from her secretary and made sure it was put in her car.



ON HIS ARRIVAL AT GIZO, IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH EXAMINES THE PEARL SHELL-DECORATED WAR CANOE IN WHICH HE CAME ASHORE.



EN ROUTE FOR THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TRANSFERS IN AN IMPROVED BOSUN'S CHAIR TO THE ESCORTING FRIGATE, H.M.N.Z.S. *ROTOITI*.



THE DUKE'S SEAT IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS WAR CANOE, *KALIVA*, SHOWING THE CUSHIONS DECORATED WITH AN ILLUSTRATED VERSION OF THE 23RD PSALM.



ON THE BRITISH NUCLEAR WEAPONS TESTING BASE, CHRISTMAS ISLAND: PRINCE PHILIP WITH THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER TALKING TO GILBERTESE SCHOOLCHILDREN. After successfully avoiding the tropical storm "Sally," H.M.Y. *Britannia* reached the Solomon Islands on March 18 and during the next five days Prince Philip visited Gizo, Honiara, Malaita and Santa Cruz; and on March 25 reached Tarawa, in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands.



WHERE COLOURED ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS ILLUMINATE THE GILBERTESE VILLAGE HALL: THE DUKE SPEAKING AT AN ENTERTAINMENT ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND. Later, escorted by the New Zealand frigate *Rotoiti*, *Britannia* sailed for Christmas Island, where the Duke made a two-day tour, meeting Service men and civilian employees as well as visiting the Gilbertese village there. His next scheduled stop was Panama.

THE latest international outrage bears some resemblance to that of Hungary. Tibet, however, stands for a still worse instance of savagery and injustice. In both cases the outside world has been compelled, or felt itself to be compelled, to look on inactive. Sections of the remote capital of Tibet are reported to have been razed. Thousands have been deported. Lamas have been shot or driven into labour gangs. An ancient, interesting, in many respects high-minded, and politically innocent and inoffensive civilisation has been brutally assaulted and perhaps fatally wounded. The young spiritual ruler, who is accounted the reincarnation of his predecessors, has fled to sanctuary. All this is in the name of Communist progress and the duty of conformity.

The Dalai Lama, after a difficult progress through the mountains, has belied expectation by reaching India. When Mr. Nehru announced the fact on April 3 all sections of the Parliament except the Communists broke into cheers. He has been hospitably received, but it appears likely that he may be kept to a great extent isolated in the near future. Some reports are to the effect that his escape through country much of which was easy to cover from the air was due to an unusually dense cloud blanket during the critical period. Yet much of the story is puzzling for lack of reliable witnesses and in some aspects of any. Some Indian commentators have asked the question whether the Chinese troops, in fact, made any serious effort to intercept him or had received instructions to do so.

Again, it appears that for a time the Dalai Lama was protected, and perhaps escorted, by Khamba fighters of the resistance. These frontier people, though of Tibetan race, are very different from the traditional Tibetan, in fact very pugnacious. Here one asks questions to which there is as yet no answer. What were the relations of the Dalai Lama with them? Did he originally seek to prevent or call off the revolt, knowing the terrible force that would be thrown in against it. If the Khambas, in fact, saved him, may they not have been much stronger and controlled more country than had been supposed? But if that is so, why did he not stay with them and why did they not detain him?

Relations between China and Tibet need be traced only back to 1911, the year of the abdication of the Manchu dynasty and the Presidency of Sun Yat-sen. From then onwards Tibet was for practical purposes independent of China, though a formal suzerainty—not for the first time—was recognised. This state of affairs was brought to an end by the Chinese invasion of 1950, though to start with the invaders pledged themselves to maintain the autonomy of Tibet and its religion. We do not know the precise reasons why the Chinese suddenly put on the pressure which led to the revolt, but it was probably impatience with the Tibetans because they did not move fast enough to Communism or realise how beautiful it was.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE MARTYRDOM OF TIBET.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

In this political matter Mr. Nehru has been a little less than candid. He suggests that the treaty to which India has become a party by inheritance gives China a legal right to do what she has done, though he regrets that this should have happened. This assumes an authority which, in fact, China has not possessed for nearly half a century. And asked about the present position, he replied that there was "no question" of his taking steps to support Tibet's autonomy because the Chinese Government had not denied the fact that the country should be autonomous. The answers which he gave to many probing questions were brilliantly adroit, but they leave an impression of evasion and distortion. At the same time it must be said that few of us would care to be in his dilemma.

however, faced by forces far more heavily armed and at the same time hardy and frugal, unused to military luxuries and able to operate with far less transport than troops of more advanced countries. It has also been surmised that the Chinese are endeavouring to cut off the opposition from the south by an encircling movement. But, as I have pointed out, information is scanty and speculative. All that we can gather is that the revolt, though not unexpected, surprised the Chinese by its force, and that it is still giving them trouble.

Already there are signs that a great deal of the reaction in Asia is unfavourable and at the same time anxious, though these impressions apply in particular to India. Asian pictures of China have been coloured by a romantic sentiment which has invested Chinese Communism with a sort of benignity which has set it apart from the Russian brand. Pride in Chinese achievement has to some extent resembled that aroused by Japanese victories in the Second World War, a form of continental as distinct from national or racial patriotism. It must also be borne in mind that

Asia includes large numbers of straight Communists. They will follow the party line, but it may bring disillusionment to vast numbers of other views.

For India the policy created and maintained with great skill and patience by Mr. Nehru may prove to have grave weaknesses. In the first place, the long period during which India and Pakistan have been on bad terms has weakened both, so that they tend to cancel out each other's influence. It is doubtful whether Mr. Nehru will be induced by the danger of the present crisis to better his relations with Pakistan, though there would be nothing humiliating in doing so, and it would be an answer to many of his anxieties. Secondly, though one must recognise his high motives in trying to keep in with everyone—except Pakistan—this policy may blind the eyes of all except the

intellectuals among his own people.

He, or his successor, may have to face a growth of Communism in India itself and a threat which it will take all the intellectual and moral awareness and determination possible to create to resist successfully. If the threat were to come rather from China, on the other hand, it might be disastrous for India to have established a conception of China as peace-loving and beneficent. He still thinks he can keep the ship of state on its course and by sheer skill as helmsman avoid the rocks ahead, yet there are surely channels not so fraught with peril and, nevertheless, not committing India to any system of blocs such as Mr. Nehru so dislikes. I have expressed sympathy with his predicament, but I cannot believe that he will better it by stone-walling—as I have used the word I add that it does not fit his reputation as a cricketer. It is not by any means even certain that he will succeed either in gaining the respect of China or appeasing her in this manner.



TO STAND AS CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE IN THE JULY PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: DR. KONRAD ADENAUER, THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR, APPLAUDED AS HE LEFT HIS DAUGHTER'S HOUSE NEAR BONN.

Dr. Konrad Adenauer, who is eighty-three, accepted on April 7 his nomination by the Christian Democratic Party as their candidate in the July Presidential election. It is generally thought that he will be elected, and that his election will mean the end of his active political career. In a nationwide broadcast on April 8 he referred to the systematic deterioration of Anglo-German relations, and said, concerning proposals for a zone of arms inspection, that "This theme has always been mentioned in a very vague manner, so that a discussion of it was not at all possible." Recently he is reported as having taken up an inflexible stand on the British proposals on this subject.

The situation of India, he said, was that it desired to remain on friendly terms with China but had "strong sentiments" on Tibet. Apart altogether from his world policy of remaining uncommitted to any ideological camp, the Indian Prime Minister is deeply troubled by the rapidly growing power and ruthless spirit of Communist China. His own defence forces are respectable but not very strong. It is no secret that some of his senior officers have at one time or another become restive about their deficiencies. So his heart pulls him one way while his anxieties, even more than his theories, drag him in the opposite direction. I confess that much that he has said of late has filled me with admiration, but the impression has occasionally been marred by later words of mere cleverness.

At the time of writing, reports have it that a provisional government has been set up with a policy of full independence. Fighting had not come to an end. The resistance movement is,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



SOUTH-EAST FRANCE. THE RESULT OF A MIDNIGHT EARTH TREMOR: A CAR IN THE VILLAGE OF ST. PAUL-SUR-UBAYE CRUSHED BY FALLING MASONRY. A slight earth tremor, lasting a few seconds, was felt in South-East France on the night of April 5-6. The worst effects were felt in the Basses Alpes in the neighbourhood of Barcelonnette. Chimneys and masonry fell and some people were made homeless.



BILLANCOURT, FRANCE. RESCUE ON THE FILM SET: A MAN RUSHES FORWARD TO WRAP A BLANKET ROUND A STUNT ACTRESS WHOSE CLOTHES HAD CAUGHT FIRE. During the shooting of a film at Billancourt studios on April 8, a French stunt actress, Lydia Leyster, was badly burnt, despite the fact that she was wearing fireproof clothing under a loose robe, and a fireproof mask. A man standing by put out the flames with a blanket.



NORMANDY, FRANCE. HOW TO DRIVE A CAR ON TWO WHEELS: A DEMONSTRATION BY THE STUNT DRIVER GIL DELAMARE, PROCEEDING DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF CONDE-SUR-NOIREAU IN A SIMCA CAR.



PARIS, FRANCE. POLICE OUTSIDE TWO CAFES IN THE RUE MORAND, 11TH ARRONDISSEMENT, WHERE A NORTH AFRICAN TERRORIST HAD CARRIED OUT A MACHINE-GUN RAID AND KILLED TWO PERSONS AND INJURED ELEVEN OTHERS.



U.S.A. A TRANSISTORED RADIO TRANSMITTER DEVELOPED BY PHILCO FOR USE IN SATELLITES. IT WEIGHS LESS THAN 10 OZS. AND OPERATES ON THE 20 M/C BAND, IN A WIDE RANGE OF TEMPERATURES.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. A NEW TYPE OF MULTIPLE-RAIL TRACK IN WHICH EACH OF THE THIRTEEN WELDED RAILS IS ABOUT 1-MILE LONG, BEING INSTALLED IN THE BRONX MOTT HAVEN YARD. THE SYSTEM MAKES FOR QUIET RUNNING.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



PARIS. IN ANSWER TO AN APPEAL TO AID VICTIMS OF THE DEVASTATING FLOODS IN MADAGASCAR: 500 TONS OF CLOTHING AND BLANKETS WERE RECEIVED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. Two weeks' torrential rain and five cyclones recently caused two-thirds of the island of Madagascar to be seriously affected by floods. 50,000 inhabitants of the lower-lying parts of Tananarive are homeless. The French response to an urgent appeal has been remarkably generous.



MADAGASCAR. TAKING REFUGE ON A HILL: INHABITANTS OF TANANARIVE, THE ISLAND CAPITAL, HELPLESSLY WATCH THE RISING FLOODS ENGLUF THEIR HOMES, EVACUATED IN THE EMERGENCY.



BRUSSELS. TO MARRY THE BROTHER OF KING BAUDOUIN: DONNA PAOLA RUFFO DI CALABRIA. PRINCE ALBERT OF BELGIUM, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED. Prince Albert, son of ex-King Leopold of the Belgians, and younger brother of the present King, is to marry Donna Paola Ruffo di Calabria, the seventh child of the late Prince Fulco Ruffo di Calabria, who was the head of one of Southern Italy's leading families.



ST. PETER'S, ROME. BEFORE CARRYING OUT A DYING WISH: POPE JOHN XXIII STANDS IN CONTEMPLATION BEFORE THE MASKED BODY OF SAINT PIUS X. One of the first announcements made by Pope John XXIII after his election last August was that he would fulfil the dying wish of Saint Pius X, and return his body to Venice, where, like the present Pope, the Saint was once patriarch.



SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA. ON ARRIVAL AT THE AIRPORT: THE COMMISSION WHICH IS TO INQUIRE INTO THE RECENT DISTURBANCES IN NYASALAND. The four members of the Commission are seen here. They are, r. to l.: Sir P. Wyn-Harris, Mr. E. Williams, Mr. J. Greenfield (Minister of Law for the Federation, who is not a member of the Commission), Sir J. Ure Primrose, and Mr. Justice Devlin, in the dark suit.



TIBET-INDIA BORDER. STANDING GUARD OVER A MOUNTAIN PASS LEADING TO INDIA: GRIM-FACED CHINESE SOLDIERS WHO HAVE NOW OCCUPIED TIBET. The many thousands of Chinese soldiers who were reported to have attempted to prevent the Dalai Lama from entering India, are now stated to be making an all-out attempt to block the passes and to waylay the hundreds of fleeing refugees.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



U.S.A. THE FIRST BOEING 707 AIRLINER FOR B.O.A.C. LEAVES THE FACTORY AT RENTON, WASHINGTON, FOR THE PAINT-SHOP. THIS AIRLINER, THE 35TH TO BE MADE, HAS FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE CONWAY BY-PASS JET ENGINES, A CRUISING SPEED OF 605 M.P.H. AND CAN CARRY 189 PASSENGERS.



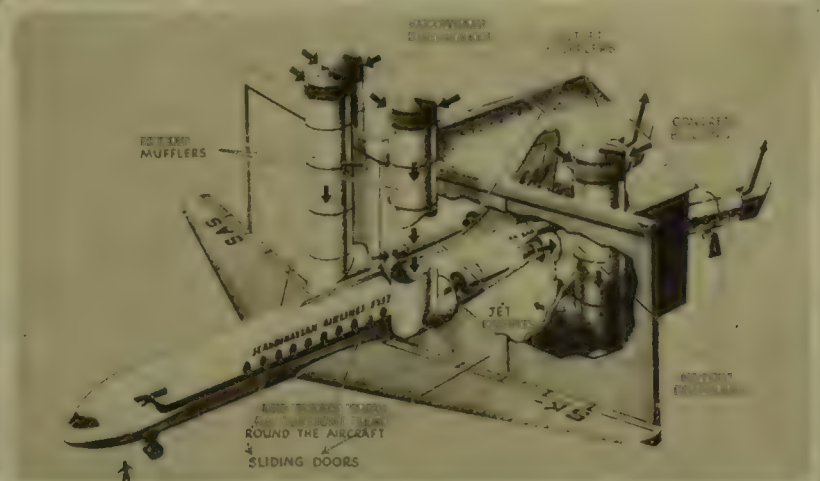
SPITZBERGEN. A 30-TON FOUR-ENGINED SKYMASTER RECENTLY MADE A PERFECT LANDING AND TAKE-OFF FROM A TEMPORARY MILE-LONG RUNWAY. THE SKYMASTER USED ONLY HALF OF THE RUNWAY AND IS SEEN HERE AFTER THE FIRST LANDING.



U.S.A. HOUND DOG, THE U.S. AIR FORCE'S NEW GAM-77 AIR-TO-GROUND STRATEGIC MISSILE, IS SEEN HERE IN POSITION UNDER THE WING OF A BOEING B-52 BOMBER. IT WILL TAKE OFF FROM THIS POSITION.



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. SO THAT STOCKHOLM RESIDENTS MAY SLEEP IN PEACE: AN INGENIOUS "MUFFLER" TO ELIMINATE NOISE FROM JET ENGINES AT THE AIRPORT.



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE NEW DEVICE, INVENTED BY A SWEDISH ENGINEER TO MUFFLE THE JET ENGINES OF THE CARAVELLE AIRLINER BEFORE TAKE-OFF. Residents living near Stockholm airport need complain no longer of the noise from the French Caravelle airliners during "warming-up." The exhaust fumes enter low-frequency mufflers and pass out through the chimney.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



PARIS, FRANCE. NOW NEARING COMPLETION: THE N.A.T.O. HEADQUARTERS BUILDING—SHAPED SOMETHING LIKE A CAPITAL "A"—SEEN FROM THE AIR.

Formal possession was taken of this site in December 1955 after having been sold by the City of Paris to the French Government, which has leased it to N.A.T.O. It stands not far from the Bois de Boulogne and near the Porte Dauphine. The wings are about 500 ft. long.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. THE U.S. NAVY'S BATHYSCAPHE TRIESTE AT SAN DIEGO BEFORE EMBARKING ON A SERIES OF DEEP DIVES IN THE PACIFIC.

This bathyscaphe, which was bought from her builder, Professor Auguste Piccard, has been prepared by U.S. technicians for work in the Pacific. Designed to go to 20,000 ft., she should provide data of scientific, commercial and operational interest.



CONNECTICUT, U.S.A. THE U.S. NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINE SKATE WELCOMED AT NEW LONDON ON HER RETURN FROM HER TWELVE-DAY ARCTIC VOYAGE.

As reported in our last issue, U.S.S. Skate on March 26 completed her second Arctic trip to the North Pole regions, and on April 12 returned to the boatyards of General Dynamics Corporation at New London. She travelled 3000 miles without escort.



(Above.) NEW YORK, U.S.A. A BOTTLE OF NORTH POLE WATER FOR A SUBMARINE ACOUSTIC TEST TANK: REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN S. THACH DEDICATING THE TANK.

A bottle of water collected at the North Pole at a depth of 270 ft. by U.S.S. Skate was poured into the largest submarine acoustic test tank in the U.S.A., which was recently dedicated at a General Dynamics plant at Rochester N.Y., which may assist submarine communications.



THE ITALIAN ALPS. A WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAY FOR THE DUTCH ROYAL FAMILY AT CERVINIA. BETWEEN THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS AND QUEEN JULIANA CAN BE SEEN THE PRINCESSES MARIJKE, IRENE AND BEATRIX WITH A FRIEND AND A SKI INSTRUCTOR.

(Right.) ROME, ITALY. PRINCESS SORAYA, FORMERLY WIFE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, SMILING AS SHE LEFT A ROME RESTAURANT WITH PRINCE RAIMONDO ORSINI. THERE HAVE BEEN MANY RUMOURS IN ROME OF A POSSIBLE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN PRINCESS SORAYA AND THE PRINCE.



THE KITCHENER LEGEND.

"THE MYSTERY OF LORD KITCHENER'S DEATH." By DONALD McCORMICK.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

ON the afternoon of June 6, 1916, the news was released that Lord Kitchener, then Secretary of State for War, had on the previous evening been drowned on his way to Russia, for the ship, the cruiser *Hampshire*, in which he had embarked, had been sunk off the Orkneys. The announcement in its abrupt suddenness came as a greater shock to the British public than any other event in either of the major wars of the present century. It is true that in the last months of his life the dead man's reputation among the politicians had been somewhat tarnished, but his hold upon the imagination of his fellow-countrymen remained unshaken to the end. No military figure in the Second World War attained his popularity in its predecessor. There was, in consequence, a reluctance to believe that he really was dead, and there was even a revival of the legends of the Merlin and Arthur type that he was actually, like Frederick Barbarossa, awaiting in some magical spot the moment for his return. This may sound strange in the prosaic twentieth century, but for some months previously it had been widely rumoured that the Russian General Brussiloff was really none other than the British General Hector Macdonald, who had never committed suicide, while for some years after the First World War there were not a few who believed that Kitchener was the "Unknown Warrior" buried in Westminster Abbey. For a time there was no legend about the dead Field Marshal too wild to find credence in some circle.

Even those who were not prepared to go to these lengths had their suspicions. His departure might seem to have been secret, but spies must have learnt of it. Then came the whispered story that the politicians had not liked Kitchener because he was too strong, and that the Russian visit was a means of getting rid of him, so he was callously exposed to useless and fatal risk. His body was never found, nor was any attempt made to find it, and that gave further grounds for disquiet. People will believe anything in wartime: less than two years before, there had been the Angels of Mons and the passage of the Russian troops through England—with snow on their boots, according to many reports.

In these pages Mr. McCormick carefully sifts all the evidence relating to the tragedy, and the actual sinking of the *Hampshire* is very vividly described. He is of the opinion that there would have been more survivors had officialdom allowed the Orcadians a freer hand, and had it not refused for some unaccountable reason to permit the Stromness lifeboat to put out, but he has no doubt that Kitchener himself went down with the ship. With regard to the route which the vessel was taking, Jellicoe has left it on record that he would not have hesitated, if need had arisen, to take the Grand Fleet to sea on the same night and by the same route as the *Hampshire*. The author dismisses this statement as "possibly the most Balaclava-minded piece of nonsense which ever came from the lips of a British admiral." On the whole, however, he is not inclined to be too severe on the Admiral:

Admiral Jellicoe suffered keenly the barbs of bitter tongues and much malicious talk. In a final assessment of who was responsible for the loss of the *Hampshire*, he must inevitably take some of the blame. A man of honour and integrity, he never was a brilliant naval leader. But he did not deserve the cruel innuendoes levelled against him.

Not the least interesting part of the book is that which deals with possible "leaks" regarding Kitchener's visit to Russia and the route he was to take. Security, for a variety of reasons, was nothing like so strict in the First World War as it was in the Second. In the previous year an indiscreet admiral had talked so freely about the coming expedition to the Dardanelles that a telegram was sent from Cairo to the War Office to the effect that he had "let the cat out of the bag," to which Kitchener himself had replied, "Use red herring to recapture admiral's escaped feline." Not for the first, or last, time Cabinet Ministers in London were inclined to talk too freely, and in this respect Lloyd George was not always the most restrained. As for the Russian court, no secret was ever kept there, nor had been since Canning had at once been informed of the decisions taken by Napoleon and Alexander I on the famous raft at Tilsit. There is no need to

sooner somebody in authority went to Russia to discuss urgent problems of co-operation, the better, and it had been rumoured that the Duke of Connaught was originally intended for this mission. However this may be, it is clear that a number of people in high places knew of the projected visit, as was inevitable in view of the arrangements which had to be made.

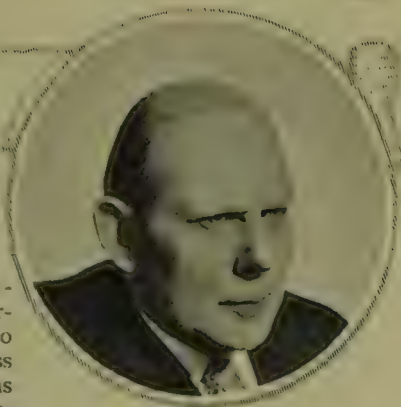
There may well have been a good deal of loose talk in various quarters, but according to Mr. McCormick there was something more concrete—namely, the fact that the Germans picked up a message from a British destroyer to the Admiralty to the effect that a particular channel west of Orkney had been swept free of mines. It seemed odd that this report should have been made, let alone repeated three times, to the Admiralty direct and not to the shore station, so the natural suspicion was that some special importance was attached in London to this route. News of Kitchener's impending visit to Russia had by this time reached Berlin, so, in the light of this fresh intelligence, instructions were sent to the submarine minelayer *U75*, commanded by Ober-Leutnant Kurt Beitzen, to proceed to the west coast of Orkney and lay mines on the route in question.

All this is the usually accepted story of Kitchener's death, and there is no particular mystery about it, though there are one or two minor unsolved riddles such as that involving the order to the Stromness lifeboat, but Mr. McCormick would have us believe that there was also an I.R.A. plot against the Field Marshal's life, involving the probable presence of at least one gunman on Orkney when the *Hampshire* went down. The account of this is real cloak-and-dagger stuff, and it includes a conversation between two men, one of them a suspected colleague of Sir Roger Casement, in a Turkish Baths establishment just off the Strand, which was overheard by a woman agent of the Special Branch who was working there as a receptionist. Readers must decide for themselves how much truth there is in the author's suggestions, but those of them who know Ireland best will not find it easy to believe

that the I.R.A. were compassing Kitchener's death "because of his refusal to allow Irish troops to wear the emblem of the harp on their uniforms."

Finally, we are told that there is a secret report on the whole business which the Admiralty still refuses to make public. According to Mr. McCormick, the late Lord Long, then First Lord of the Admiralty, offered to allow Sir George Arthur to see the document on the understanding that he would not divulge a word of it to anybody; the offer was refused on account of the conditions attached. In effect, if there is a mystery about Kitchener's death it centres largely round the existence of this report, and the author's purpose in writing this book is to call on the authorities for a definite statement on the subject: in doing this he has written a thrilling narrative which is well worth reading on more than one score.

* "The Mystery of Lord Kitchener's Death." By Donald McCormick. Illustrated. (Putnam; 18s.)



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE:

MR. DONALD McCORMICK.

Born in 1911, Mr. McCormick is a journalist and has served in the R.N.V.R. He has written a number of other books, including "Island for Sale," "The Wicked City" and a biography of M. Mendès-France. He lives in an oast-house, prefers to write on subjects involving detective work, and likes Chinese cooking, Association Football and searching for the perfect village. He is married, and has one son.



LORD KITCHENER LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE, JUNE 4, 1916: THE FRONTSPIECE OF THE BOOK "THE MYSTERY OF LORD KITCHENER'S DEATH," REVIEWED BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE ON THIS PAGE.



ADMIRAL JELlicoe BIDDING FAREWELL TO KITCHENER: THE BEGINNING OF HIS JOURNEY FROM SCAPA FLOW ON BOARD H.M.S. HAMPSHIRE, WHICH WAS TO END IN DISASTER.

The pictures from the book are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Putnam and Company Ltd.

search for definite acts of treachery, since loose talk was in itself quite enough to account for any information that reached German ears. In this connection Mr. McCormick acquits Rasputin of having been a German agent. "There is," he writes, "no proof of this any more than there is the slightest iota of evidence of many of his other alleged crimes."

The author suggests that the visit to Russia was Kitchener's own idea. "It is certain that the initiative for this had come in the first place from Kitchener." This may well be true, for early in May the Russian Ambassador in London reported to his Government that the Secretary of State for War would like to visit Russia if given an official invitation, and when the Tsar was informed of this he said that he could receive Kitchener after June 10, but added that he did not understand how the Field Marshal could leave his own work for so long. It was palpably obvious that the

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

IX. OUR GALAXY

By R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

IN one hour a flash of light travels nearly 700 million miles. The light from Pluto takes $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours to reach us. This gives an idea of the tremendous size of the solar system by ordinary standards. In one year light travels 6 million million miles, yet the light from the star nearest to the sun takes $4\frac{1}{4}$ years to reach us! These two stars, the sun and alpha Centauri, are very mediocre members of a vast disc-shaped distribution that contains in all something like 100,000,000,000—one hundred thousand million—stars. For the most part they are separated by equally enormous distances, yet the whole system is bound together by its own general gravitational field produced by the sum total of the stars and all the interstellar material too that goes to make it up. This system is called The Galaxy, to distinguish it from all the countless millions of other galaxies, the extra-galactic nebulae, as they used to be called, which are spread through space outside it and are objects comparable with it. Our sun is simply a very average star in one of these galaxies. The furthest stars on the far side of our own galaxy are some 80,000 light-years from us, while the sun itself is about 30,000 light-years from the centre of the galaxy.

The task of finding out the size and shape of our galaxy and its internal motions has not been an easy one, mainly for the reason that all our observations have perforce to be made from inside it, and this entails all sorts of hampering effects. Although the stars themselves are now known to contribute only a part of the mass, possibly less than half, naturally enough attention centred mainly on them for many a long decade simply because they were the most conspicuous and readily detectable things.

The stars themselves do not by any means occur just as single individual bodies in the galaxy. There are double stars of all degrees of separation of their components, and there are triple, and higher multiple systems besides. Then there are widely-spaced clusters, involving numbers of stars, of various degrees of openness, as their compactness is termed. The bright stars of the Plough form an open cluster, while the Pleiades is an example of a less open cluster. The speeds of the separate members of a cluster are so small relative to each other that they are all weakly bound together gravitationally, the system remaining almost permanently a cluster, while the whole group moves round the galaxy at some 200 miles a second.

It was once thought that these clusters must be in course of gradually being pulled apart by outside disturbances, such as other stars passing near, and that their present existence imposed a calculable limit on the possible age of the galaxy. But this was before the importance of interstellar gas was appreciated, and it now seems more probable that the stars of a cluster tend to become more closely and strongly bound as they add to their mass from interstellar material. So it may well be that clusters are forming and contracting rather than always being dispersed.

This brings us to the second principal constituent of the galaxy, namely the interstellar gas, which consists almost entirely of hydrogen, the primitive element of the universe from which it is now believed all the other elements are built up by nuclear synthesis in stars. The whole amount distributed between the stars at least equals the combined mass of all the stars, but the exact

proportion is uncertain. We do not even know whether it is remaining constant, for not only is the gas being swept up by existing stars and possibly condensing to start entirely new ones, but it now begins to seem possible that it is being replenished from outside the galaxy; that is, that new hydrogen is being added to the galaxy from intergalactic space. Within the galaxy, the gas tends to form into clouds many light-years in extent. A dense cloud would have about 1000 hydrogen atoms per cubic centimetre, which means a density of 10^{-21} grams per c.c. Between the cloud condensations, the overall density falls to about 1 atom per c.c. or less, but it is doubtful if there is any considerable region of the galaxy entirely free of this hydrogen.

Far less in total amount than this gas, though very widespread through the galaxy, are the dust clouds. These are a great nuisance to the

even these areas of the sky are faintly luminous owing to the effects of permanent aurora in the Earth's high atmosphere, and at some parts owing to the zodiacal light, which is produced by a flat lens-shaped distribution of very rarefied matter within the solar system. If these effects were not present, the Milky Way would appear much more conspicuous. Impressive as it is through a really clear sky, it would be much more so if it could be viewed from outside the atmosphere. This will be one of the delights that await the first space-travellers.

It has long been suspected that our galaxy might possess spiral arms, as other similar systems are seen to do, in particular the great Andromeda nebula which is one of its nearest neighbours. The arms can easily be seen in some of these external galaxies simply because the systems can be viewed as a whole, but obviously this is no longer possible from inside a system especially with all the obscurations, and less direct methods have had to be devised. It turns out that the intrinsically brightest stars in our galaxy lie in distinct lanes—the arms. The sun itself lies near the edge of one of these arms. Apart from the bright stars, the arms consist largely of dense clouds of hydrogen, and these reveal their presence by certain radio

waves that they emit even when they cannot otherwise be detected. Only the beginnings of the structural analysis of our galaxy have so far been made, because these are new developments in astronomy.

The whole galaxy is in rotation in its own general plane, but not as a rigid body would rotate: the inner parts go round faster than the outer parts, progressively so. Each star, or cluster of stars, in it pursues a vast orbit, not necessarily quite circular, round the centre of the galaxy under the attraction of the whole mass of the system. It seems probable that much of the mass resides in a central lens-shaped part, which, to judge from the appearance of other galaxies, is probably brilliantly luminous if only we could see it, but this is one of the parts of the galaxy that is completely obscured by intervening dust clouds. Much as the planets of the solar system take different times to go round the sun, so stars at different distances from the centre of the galaxy take different times to complete a circuit of the galaxy.

It is this feature that would tend to shear clusters of stars and separate them were there not stronger internal forces holding them together.

There is, however, a great deal more of the galaxy even than this if we simply consider extent, though what remains may well have comparatively small total mass. There exists in addition a spherical halo of widely-spaced stars symmetrically distributed round the galaxy and with diameter twice as great as the main galaxy itself. Also, set within this halo are about a hundred or so mysterious objects called "globular clusters." Each one is a spherically-shaped cluster of stars comprising some 100,000 or so members, the whole system being preserved in form by its self-attraction. Vast spaces, thousands of astronomical units, separate the adjacent stars within a globular cluster, so that there is plenty of room within it for them all to pursue their paths freely without collision, even though on photographs the stars near the middle run together. Each star must follow some orbit round the centre of the cluster and in such a way that the system as a whole remains steady, for all these objects are very similar in appearance.

Further out still are found two irregular star clouds, each containing millions of stars, and seeming to be pieces of our galaxy that have somehow broken away. These are the Magellanic clouds, to be clearly seen in southern skies. There are several globular clusters associated with the larger of the two clouds.



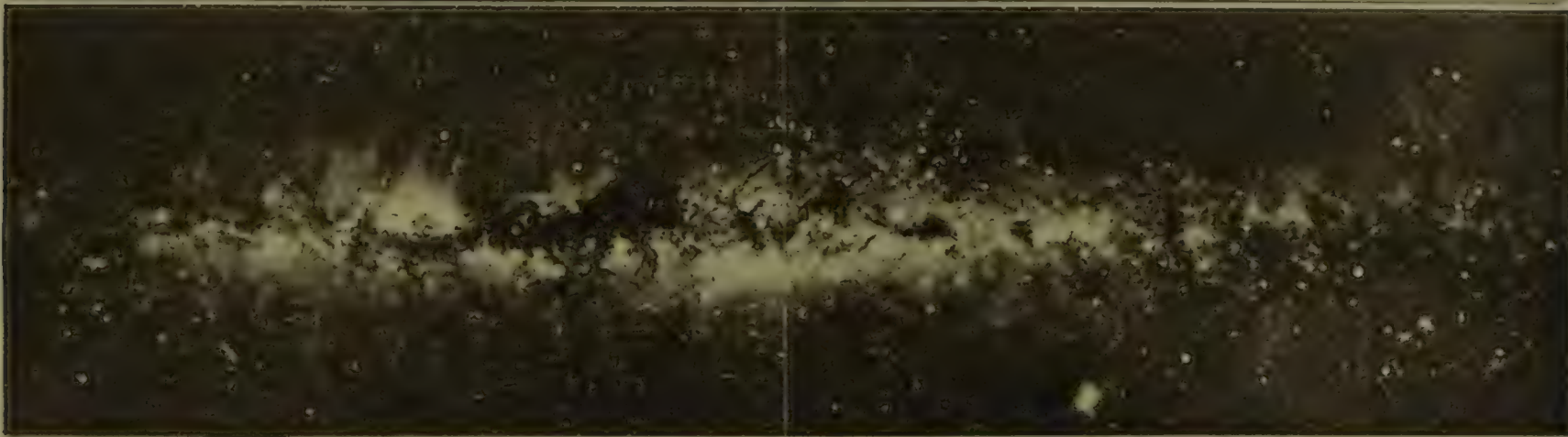
THE "CRAB" NEBULA, IN TAURUS, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE 200-IN. TELESCOPE. THIS GAS CLOUD WAS PRODUCED BY A SUPERNOVA EXPLOSION OF A STAR WITHIN OUR GALAXY, SEEN AND RECORDED IN A.D. 1054. IT IS STILL EXPANDING AT NEARLY 1000 MILES A SECOND AND MEASURES 30 MILLION MILLION MILES ACROSS.

observational astronomer because they permanently obscure much of the galaxy and indeed a fairly broad belt all round the sky—the so-called zone of avoidance—in which objects outside the galaxy are completely hidden from view. The dust clouds are vast irregular tracts of cool condensed material in solid form, for the most part probably no more than mere smoke particles, but for this very reason having great power of obscuration mass for mass. The dust often occurs in association with interstellar gas. Radio waves, however, can penetrate through the dust unhindered, so that all is not lost for discovering some of the contents behind the dust screens of the universe.

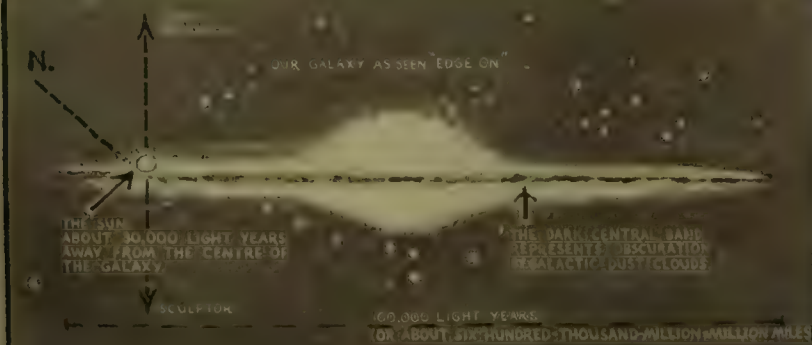
The whole galaxy when viewed from an internal point gives the impression of a vaguely luminous broad belt of varying width along its length and running right round the heavens almost in a great circle. It passes through the constellations of Aquila, Cygnus, Cassiopeia, Orion, Monoceros, Carina, Centaurus, Scorpio, Sagittarius, and a great many others besides. Its mild luminosity derives from the whole host of faint stars which, although individually invisible to the naked eye, combine to give a diffuse and seemingly continuous light. But even a small telescope shows each little area of the Milky Way to contain many thousands of separate stars.

The Milky Way when the sky is clearest appears about twice as bright, area for area, as parts of the sky far removed from it and which we would reckon as completely dark. But in fact

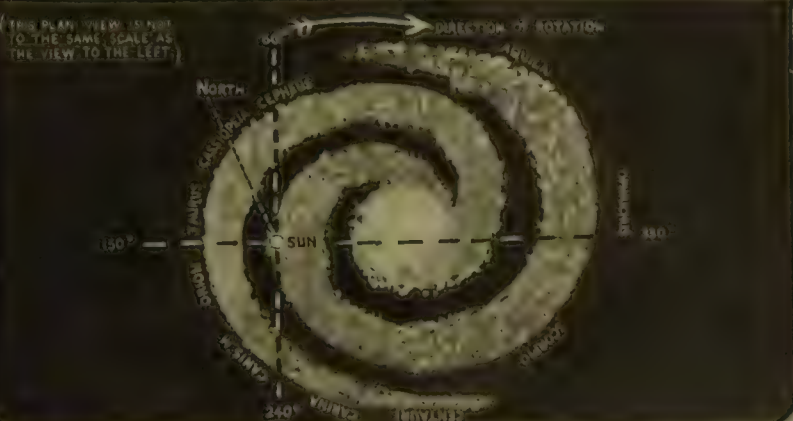
THE GALAXY IN WHICH OUR SUN IS BUT A SINGLE STAR CONTAINS ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILLION OTHER STARS AS BRIGHT AS OUR OWN SUN. THE EXTENT OF THE GALAXY IS VAST ALMOST BEYOND CONCEPTION AND IF WE LOOK ALONG THE PLANE OF THE GALAXY WE SEE NOT ONLY THE NEAREST STARS BUT ALSO A BROAD BELT OF LIGHT RIGHT ROUND THE SKY. THIS IS THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT OF SEEING MORE DISTANT STARS AS A HAZE OF LIGHT AND IS KNOWN AS THE MILKY WAY, WHICH IS SHOWN IN THIS REMARKABLE COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH.



OUR OWN GALAXY IS A FLAT DISC-SHAPED STRUCTURE WITH A BULGE IN ITS CENTRE. THE SUN IS SITUATED SLIGHTLY ABOVE THE CENTRAL PLANE.



A CONJECTURAL PLAN VIEW OF OUR GALAXY. THE SUN IS SEEN NEAR THE EDGE OF THE SPIRAL ARM. THE CURVES CONSIST OF STARS AND DUST CLOUDS IN SPACE. THE GENERAL PLANE OF THE GALAXY IS THAT OF THE MILKY WAY. SOME OF THE CONSTELLATIONS OF WHICH ARE INDICATED.



A PHOTO OF THE FAMOUS ANDROMEDA NEBULA. THIS SPIRAL GALAXY IS A COMPANION TO OUR OWN AND BELIEVED TO BE SIMILAR IN SHAPE AND SIZE. IT IS ABOUT 2,000,000 LIGHT YEARS AWAY.



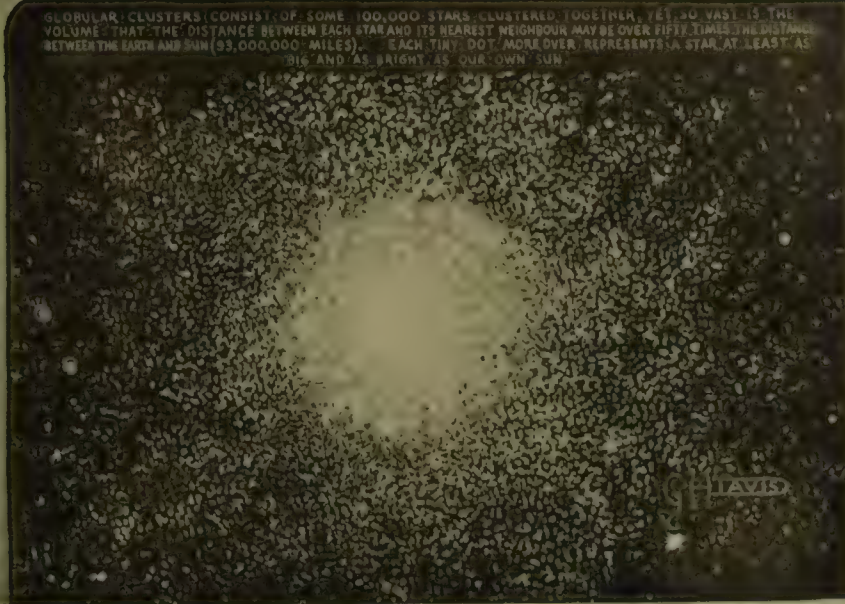
THROUGH A TELESCOPE THE ANDROMEDA NEBULA IS SEEN ONLY AS THE BRIGHT CENTRAL OBJECT HERE SHOWN BUT SENSITIVE EQUIPMENT ESTABLISHES THAT IN REALITY THIS GALAXY FAINTLY EXTENDS AT LEAST AS FAR OUT AS IS INDICATED BY THE DOTTED LINE.



THE PLEIADES CLUSTER, WHICH IS ABOUT 350 LIGHT-YEARS DISTANT FROM US CONTAINS OVER A HUNDRED STARS, SOME CONSIDERABLY BRIGHTER THAN OUR SUN.



GLOBULAR CLUSTERS CONSIST OF SOME 100,000 STARS CLUSTERED TOGETHER, YET SO VAST IS THE VOLUME THAT THE DISTANCE BETWEEN EACH STAR AND ITS NEAREST NEIGHBOUR MAY BE OVER FIFTY TIMES THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE EARTH AND SUN (93,000,000 MILES). EACH TINY DOT MORE OVER REPRESENTS A STAR AT LEAST AS BIG AND AS BRIGHT AS OUR OWN SUN.



OUR OWN GALAXY—THE MILKY WAY SYSTEM: THE VAST ASSEMBLAGE OF STARS, IN WHICH THE SOLAR SYSTEM IS BUT THE TINIEST UNIT.

Although gigantic by terrestrial standards, the solar system forms only a minute part of the galaxy itself, which is a vast disc-shaped array of stars numbering about 100,000,000,000 in all. It is the faint belt of light produced by the innumerable more distant stars that appears in the sky as the Milky Way. In addition to the stars, the galaxy contains uncondensed hydrogen gas clouds and also dark obscuring dust clouds. But the galaxy, too, is only a single small unit among hundreds of millions of other galaxies that go to make up the observable universe itself. The stars of the galaxy do not occur only as single objects, but often also as clusters of every degree of complexity travelling together with common motion as the galaxy rotates. The interstellar hydrogen, from which the stars form and wherein it may be later transmuted to other elements, may even constitute the main mass of the galaxy and at present outweigh all the stars. And it is even possible that it is being replenished from inter-galactic space. The dust clouds,

which have probably condensed from the products of supernova explosions, obscure large regions of the Milky Way and prevent the optical astronomer from seeing the central regions of the galaxy altogether, but fortunately radio waves can penetrate the dust. Despite the limitations that observation from within the galaxy inevitably imposes, it is now becoming established that our galaxy must have spiral arms—as shown in the drawing—and so resembles other galaxies that can be seen as a whole external to our own. The galaxy is also surrounded by an even larger spherical halo of stars and gas extending far beyond its ordinary limits. And moving within this halo are about a hundred of the curious objects known as globular clusters, each containing tens of thousands of individual stars closely bound together by their own attractions. Beyond the halo itself are the two Magellanic Clouds, to be seen in southern latitudes, each containing millions of stars, and which seem like small pieces broken away somehow from our own galaxy.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Dr. R. A. Lyttleton.

LONDON'S BUDGET-DAY BOMB: SCENES ON THE SOUTH BANK.



TWO ROYAL ENGINEERS OFFICERS EXAMINING THE BOMB, WHICH WAS FOUND AT THE SITE OF THE NEW SHELL PETROLEUM CO. BUILDING DURING EXCAVATIONS.

On April 7, as the Budget announcement in the House of Commons was keenly awaited, an event of interest occurred nearby on the South Bank. In the early hours of the morning, during the course of excavation at the site of the Shell Petroleum Co.'s new headquarters near Waterloo Station and the Festival Hall, an unexploded 2000-lb. German bomb was discovered. One of the workmen on the site said the bomb rolled out from its resting-place after being dislodged by the drag line of an excavator. Soon after the discovery, a Royal Engineers bomb disposal squad arrived. For several hours,



A TENSE MOMENT: TRYING TO RELEASE THE BASE PLATE OF THE BOMB WITH A HAMMER AND CHISEL.



THE END OF THE STORY: A PLUME OF WATER AS THE 2000-LB. BOMB IS EXPLODED IN THE SEA NEAR SHOEBOURNESS.

during which surface and underground railway services passing near the spot were interrupted, the disposal squad worked on the bomb. There were tense moments as an attempt was made to remove the base plate with hammer and chisel, but it was found impossible to remove the plate and it was decided to take the bomb away and blow it up. As the bomb was being removed, an expert said that the fuse was jammed but had been made inert, and that no special precautions would be necessary during the journey to Shoeburyness, near which the final disposal took place on April 11.



OUTSIDE THE FEDERAL ASSEMBLY IN SALISBURY: LORD DALHOUSIE, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND, TAKING THE SALUTE.



AT THE OPENING OF THE SECOND FEDERATION PARLIAMENT ON APRIL 7: LORD DALHOUSIE, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, DELIVERING HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

THE OPENING IN SALISBURY OF THE SECOND PARLIAMENT OF THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND.

On April 7 the first session of the second Federal Parliament in Salisbury was opened by the Governor-General, the Earl of Dalhousie. It was an important day in the short life of the Federation. To meet the Federation's aim for partnership, Parliament has been increased to fifty-nine members, fifteen of them Africans. In his formal Speech from the Throne, Lord Dalhousie said that, after a month's unrest, law and order had now been

restored in Rhodesia, and that the situation in Nyasaland was improving. After the official opening the Federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, announced that no new post offices would be built with separate entrances for the two races. On Nyasaland, he heavily criticised the attitude of the British Labour Party, and strongly denied that he had used his influence to persuade the Nyasaland Governor to declare a state of emergency.



SOME OF BRITAIN'S MOST TALENTED YOUNG MUSICIANS: A SCENE DURING THE NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA'S RECENT HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL CONCERT AT THE FESTIVAL HALL.

The National Youth Orchestra—composed of talented and promising young musicians of the British Isles but having no full-time music students—gave a spirited and skilful performance at their concert at the Royal Festival Hall, London, on April 8, when they were conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. The Orchestra, founded in 1947 by Miss Ruth Raiton to further the education of young British musicians, thus added to the laurels it has already won at similar

concerts in the past. An outstanding performance during the concert was given by Michael Roll, only twelve years old, who was the soloist in Schumann's Piano Concerto in A Minor. Other pieces which were played during the evening were Elgar's arrangement of Handel's Overture in D Minor, Sir Malcolm Sargent's arrangement of a suite from Rossini's "La Boutique Fantasque" and Dvůřák's Symphony No. 2 in D Minor—the performance

of the latter being a memorable achievement. The concert was given immediately following the Orchestra's thirty-fourth holiday course, held on this occasion at Reading. Young musicians chosen as members meet three times a year for just over a week—their school careers not being interrupted—and during these courses they are trained as a full symphony orchestra under the direction of distinguished conductors, study individually and in sections, and

besides attending class instruction can hear recitals by noted instrumentalists. A concert is given at the end of each course. On entering the various institutions for whole-time teaching of music, members cease to belong to the Orchestra. The Orchestra, which is sponsored by *The Daily Mirror*, has as its Patron H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and is under the Presidency of Sir Malcolm Sargent.

Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Houston Rogers.

GREATER THAN TROY AND OLDER: POLIOCHNI, IN LEMNOS—AND THE SEVEN TOWNS AND SEVEN VILLAGES WHICH MAKE UP ITS EARLIEST HISTORY.

By BERNABO DREA, Superintendent of Antiquities of Eastern Sicily.

IN an earlier report (August 3, 1955) we have already given *The Illustrated London News* readers an account of the excavations being conducted under Professor Doro Levi, of the Italian School of Archaeology at Athens, at Poliochni, the prehistoric city on the eastern coast of the Isle of Lemnos which is, from the cultural point of view, closely connected with the neighbouring Troy. In that report we gave illustrations of a treasure trove of goldsmiths' work which we were fortunate enough to discover in a house of the final grand period of splendour of Poliochni, the period corresponding to the evolved phases of Troy 2.

The last excavation campaign of August-September 1956 threw a great deal of light on the more ancient periods and, above all, on the initial period, pre-urban and anterior to the rise of Troy itself.

It was a discovery which, although less sensational than that of the goldsmiths' work, is certainly no less interesting for Aegean archaeology. Indeed, it throws light on a still almost completely unknown period of Aegean-Anatolian pre-history, a period, that is, which corresponds to the very origins of Trojan civilisation.

We took the occasion of observing in the preceding report that during the earlier phases of the Trojan civilisation, the phases corresponding to Troy 1 and 2, Poliochni appeared a good deal larger and more important than Troy. The discovery of this earlier phase, that is, of the village round huts which preceded the formation of the city, shows us that Poliochni was considerably older than Troy.

The existence of the buildings of the last two periods (4 and 5) in very good states of conservation over the whole hill surface made it difficult to find a free area sufficiently large for an excavation in depth aimed at reaching the more ancient cultural levels. The most propitious area seemed to be the inside of the megaron of a large house of the final phases of Poliochni 4 (Fig. 2), situated not exactly on the top of the hill but at the very beginning of the gentle westward slope. At that point the strata of Poliochni 5 (equals the evolved phase of Troy 2), which are conserved at the very top of the hill, have now disappeared, carried away by the erosion which has in the course of millennia bitten deeply into its sides, and the strata of Poliochni 4 (corresponding to the evolved phases of Troy 1 and the initial ones of Troy 2) are breaking out on the surface. This house (No. 13), where excavation began in 1956 but was only completed in 1957, is one of the most conspicuous examples of domestic Lemnian architecture of this period. Completely surrounded by narrow lanes, it has as its principal way of communication the great megaron (823) which opens with its vestibule towards the south on an ample courtyard, on to which two other rooms look out.

These soundings (Fig. 1) were very fortunate, inasmuch as we were able, without encountering any hindrances, to get through the whole thickness of the archaeological strata and reach the virgin soil at 24 ft 7 ins. (7.5 m.) below the surface, bringing to light fourteen architectural phases in succession, seven of them belonging to the most ancient phases of the urban period (Poliochni 2, 3, 4) and seven belonging to the pre-urban period (Poliochni 1). Naturally, since we had to respect all the superimposed structures, the field of excavation narrowed more and more as we went down and the lowest strata were, therefore, only reached on a very limited surface. In the first instance (Fig. 1), sited directly upon a sandy yellow soil completely free from human

industry, and from the second, superimposed upon it, we excavated very short stretches of the perimeter wall, sufficient to indicate their curvilinear course. On the ruins of the latter there stretches a clear stratum of fire (ashes, etc.). The third construction is a circular basement formed by a single layer of stones. The fourth hut differs from the preceding by being quadrangular, with the angles rounded, rather than oval. There we revealed stretches of two adjacent walls with the angle formed by them. On the floor, still clearly recognisable and formed by a little layer of sand, a carbonised film indicated perhaps the site of the fire-place.

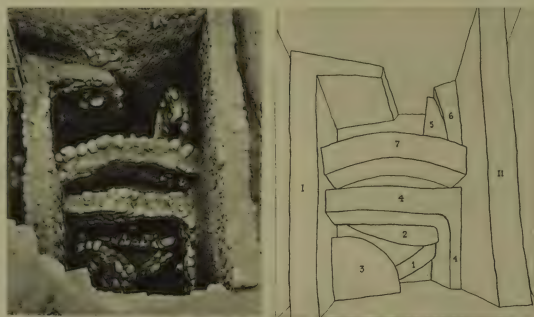


FIG. 1. THE SEVEN PRE-URBAN LEVELS OF A CITY WHICH WAS GREATER THAN TROY, REVEALED IN A SINGLE VIEW, WITH (RIGHT) A KEY IDENTIFYING THEM AND TWO LATER LEVELS. In the floor of a megaron of Poliochni 4 (a little earlier than Troy 2), a deep sounding was made which revealed seven reconstructions of the megaron and beneath them seven different levels of pre-urban dwellings (all with curved sides except one). The key shows these early dwellings (Nos. 1 to 7) and two of seven stages of the megaron (in Roman numerals).



FIG. 2. THE POLIOCHNI MEGARON IN WHICH THE DEEP SOUNDING (FIG. 1) WAS MADE, FROM THE NORTH. IN IT CAN BE SEEN ONE OF THE PILASTERS WHICH CARRIED THE ROOF BEAMS AND (BEYOND) THE FILLED-IN DOOR.

At intermediate levels between the fourth and the seventh hut were found two short bits of walls, one above the other, in the north-east angle of the trench. These represent the fifth and sixth building phases. On top is the seventh hut, whereof we discovered the whole perimeter wall right along the trench. Although this may be oval and not circular in form, yet it must have been pretty large.

All these constructions belong to what we have called Poliochni 1, corresponding to the beginning of life upon the hill. Until to-day the strata of that age had been found on only one occasion with a trench dug in 1953, but in that case the number of superimposed huts was three only. From our new test it becomes clear that this period must have lasted quite a length of time, to have seen the village rebuilt seven times.

Even so and because of the very limited surface of the dig, the materials we gathered from this period are too scanty and fragmentary for us to be able to give them an exhaustive typological study.

Among the black or brown burnished pottery we note the frequency of cups on high feet with carinated profiles and tubular handles, of small cups with moulded rims, of *kantharoi* with two large handles of ring shape, of jugs and *amphora*, all of them types to return more or less modified in the initial phases of the succeeding Period 2, wherein there appear also other forms unknown in Period 1.

Let us note also from this time onwards the frequency of a painted decoration of bunches of fine white lines on the black or brown burnished background of the vases, as this, too, was to continue for a long time in the ceramics of Poliochni. There has not so far been any evidence of the presence of metals in these deepest strata, and it is rather difficult as yet to relate the civilisation of these older Poliochnite cultural levels to those of the older prehistoric stations of Western Anatolia.

On the exceedingly complex terrain constituted by the ruins of the seventh hut we managed to establish a rectangular construction which we may regard as a first megaron, of which all the west side and a small stretch of the north side survive. On the soil now levelled by the construction of the first megaron, and destroying this, we find a second one, in the excavation of which we found both the long east and west sides, but not the short north and south ones, which remained outside the limits of the trench. This second megaron was destroyed not long after its construction by a violent fire.

At this point we find indeed throughout the area of the space a carbonised stratum of a dark black or bright red colour, which in some parts reaches a depth of 13½ ins. (35 cm.). This burnt layer was very rich in materials. Evidently the house as it fell had buried all the household implements which it contained. From the gathered fragments it was possible to reconstruct a large number of vases, repeating in part the forms already known right from the Period 1. There are large *amphora* (Fig. 7), single-handled jugs (Fig. 6), sometimes raised up on three little feet, and, above all, a very large number of cups (Fig. 5) on a high foot, generally with three but sometimes with only one or with four horizontal handles near the rims. The jugs continue to present the decoration of painted bunches of white lines. We do not find any more *kantharoi*, but instead of these there now appear for the first time the cauldrons up-raised on three feet, which are to remain one of the most common forms at Poliochni down to Period 5. Small fragments of copper pins prove that from now onwards the use of metal was widespread. A remarkable discovery was that of a considerable number of dried figs (Fig. 3) which remained carbonised among the ashes of the fire and thus survived till our own days. This initial phase of Period 2 was also practically unknown until this discovery, which was, therefore, all the more interesting for us.

On the ruins of the second, burnt-out, megaron and before the end of Period 2, there arose another, the third, which already presented the form and the dimensions of what is the megaron of the surface layer.

Through a long series of reconstructions, some total and some partial (at least five), this space retained identical plan dimensions and the same characteristics. This large space (Fig. 2) had a single wide door in the middle of its N. side, opening on the vestibule and the courtyard in front of it; and its size was such that there probably did not exist on the island timbers of the dimensions needed for covering it. There were, therefore, made on the median axis two pillars destined to support the beam-work of the roof, pilasters which underwent the same reconstructions as the walls of the room, yet continued to retain the same approximate positions. [Continued opposite.

LIGHT ON LEMNOS; AND POSSIBLE ORIGINS OF THE TROJAN CIVILISATION.

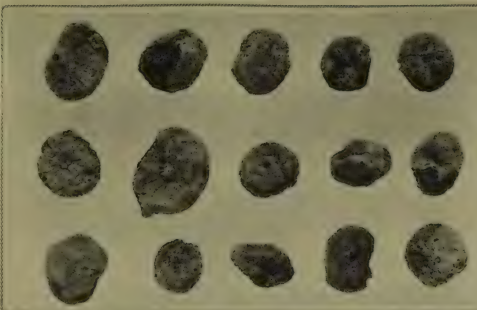


FIG. 3. FIGS. DRIED OVER 4000 YEARS AGO, AND ACCIDENTALLY PRESERVED BY CARBONISATION IN THE ASHES OF THE FIRE WHICH DESTROYED MEGARON II.



FIG. 5. FROM THE BURNT REMAINS OF MEGARON II: A TYPICAL FOOTED CUP, WITH A SINGLE FLANGE-LIKE HANDLE. THE NUMBER OF HANDLES VARIES.



FIG. 6. A LARGE HANDLED JUG: FROM MEGARON II, BUT TYPICAL OF A SHAPE WHICH IS COMMON THROUGHOUT THE EARLIER LEVELS.



FIG. 7. A LARGE FOUR-HANDLED AMPHORA RECONSTRUCTED FROM FRAGMENTS FOUND IN THE BURNT REMAINS OF MEGARON II, BUT REPEATING THE SHAPE OF EARLIER EXAMPLES.

[Continued.] This type of construction, with internal pilasters, has no parallel in Poliochnite architecture, may be because as yet we have not discovered any other living-quarters of similarly large dimensions. Since the successive reconstructions undergone by this room during Periods 3 and 4 were never apparently necessitated by fires, the material found was pretty scanty. The only frequent find, in the later layers, was of large cauldrons which had been buried in the ground either to conserve embers underneath the

[Continued below.]

FIG. 4. THREE SUCCESSIVE POTTERY CAULDRONS USED TO HOLD HOT EMBERS IN A FLOOR RECESS AND SO HEAT THE ROOM—IN THE SOUTH-EAST ANGLE OF MEGARON VI.



FIG. 8. FROM A ROOM NEAR THE MEGARON AND DATING FROM POLIOCHNI 4 (WHICH EQUALS TROY 2). BRONZE SWORDS, THE LONGEST ABOUT 9½ INS. (24.5 CM.) LONG, WITH A CENTRAL SPINE.

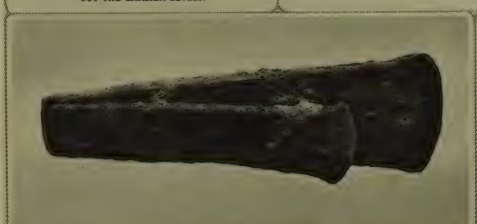


FIG. 9. TWO OF THE FIVE FLAT BRONZE AXES FOUND WITH THE SWORDS—FASTENED TOGETHER BY CORROSION. THE LARGER IS 6½ INS. (16.7 CM.) LONG.

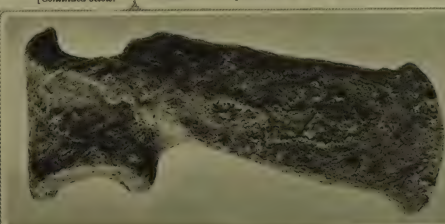


FIG. 10. A MAGNIFICENT SHAFTED BRONZE AXE FROM THE SAME FIND, WHICH REVEALS CONSIDERABLE MASTERY ON THE PART OF THE METAL-WORKERS OF THE ISLAND.

[Continued.]

ashes or perhaps also to heat the surroundings during the chilly winter days (Fig. 4). This is a habit which, unknown in the more ancient periods (2 and 3), becomes widespread in Poliochni during Periods 4 and 5. We have already pointed out that whereas the megaron 832 and courtyard 831 opposite to it were brought to light in the summer 1953 excavations, the areas to the east of these were already reached in the 1936 digs. We had already then had the good fortune to discover in one of the spaces adjacent to the megaron, a receptacle containing bronze weapons, the only true and proper repository so far found in the city area. It had been found more or less on the surface among the stonework which probably came from the crumbling of the walls,

on a soil corresponding to the evolved phases of Poliochni 4. It is thus not more recent than the beginnings of Troy 2 and it is of considerable importance not only for the number of the objects in it, but also for the variety of them. This group contains, apart from one or two minor pieces (scrap-points in cattle-bone handles, daggers or simple knives with tongue-shaped tangs, and one knife with a pliable handle), three large swords (Fig. 8), one of them with a longitudinal ridge along the blade, five flat axes (Fig. 9) and one large shafted axe (Fig. 10); this last a piece of great interest inasmuch as it shows the skill attained already in that age by the Poliochnite metal-workers.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

BOTTICELLI AND CEZANNE: TWO BOOKS.*

TWO men separated by four centuries, by—one would imagine—a temperamental abyss impossible to bridge, by profound differences of outlook and tradition, nevertheless appear before us in retrospect as friends and brothers, partly because they were each dedicated to an exacting and absorbing task, partly because they seem to share a certain melancholy—a conviction that their aim would remain always beyond their reach.

Is this too fanciful a notion, springing merely from the chance that two books, one about Botticelli, the other about Cézanne, have reached me in the same parcel? The former reproduces fifty-three paintings in colour, the other ninety-three drawings, with learned introductions by André Chastel and Alfred Neumeyer respectively, each of whom appears to me to say very little that is new about either great painter, and to say that little rather obscurely, though in the case of Botticelli it may well be that the translator is responsible for a certain clumsiness. What exactly is meant by the sentence, "The strong organisations which dominate the fifteenth-century art to-day evoke certain requirements that Botticelli seems unable to satisfy"?

Nor am I convinced that Cézanne himself would have been greatly enlightened by such a sentence as this from Dr. Neumeyer's introduction, "Nature presents itself in plastic forms, in colours, in atmospheric modification and in spatial relationships. Its precreated configuration of shapes and colours can guide him toward an æsthetic order without personal involvement. It is, in fact, Cézanne who has helped us through his all-embracing approach to realise the totality of these factors. In Courbet the plastic forms had emerged from their colouristic definition; and in Impressionism from their atmospheric modification; in Cézanne a highly organised visible world came into being by a synthesis of all factors." There is page after page of this kind of theorising in each book; many, many words which seek to explain the very special magic distilled from the visible world by each painter—many, many words which, with slight modifications, could be used in writing about almost any painter of consequence since the beginning of the world.

I suppose that every generation must form its own opinion about the great people of the past, and if this very detailed study of Cézanne's drawings tells us nothing new, it does two things uncommonly well; first, it presents us with a survey of his development from his student days of 1862 to the time of his death in 1906, from the wholly academic to the nearly immaterial. (It occurs to me that in England we have a very near parallel in Turner's water-colours—from the early topographical drawings of his youth to the visionary splendours of the last fifteen years.) Secondly, it shows us this humble, solitary man, spending endless pains upon drawing—"the probity of art"—a subject, if one can judge by so many modern exhibitions, which would seem to be too demanding for some of to-day's young men and women.

In both books I found the notes more illuminating than the lengthy preliminary essays. There exist, for example, nine drawings, four water-colours and five oils of Puget's statue of Amor in the Louvre. Cézanne owned casts of this and of Houdon's Flayed Man; and the author suggests that "he felt the presence of these works of art a constant challenge of which he freed himself in drawing them from every possible angle." (I seem to remember one of these drawings being

acquired for the British Museum in the 1930's.) Yet, in the note upon the next drawing, a page from a sketch-book belonging to the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, on which appear a bather, a figure after Michelangelo, two fishermen and a portrait of his wife, we are gravely informed that "the drawing is important because it shows the artist incessantly observing or preparing ideas for compositions... thus nature studies, copies from Old Masters and imaginary compositions are combined on one page." As this has been a frequent practice of most artists from the beginning of time, it would seem unnecessary to draw our attention to it in so portentous a manner.

This, too, is an odd statement: "It is a peculiar feature of Cézanne's art that tablecloths and other textiles are moulded as if they were solid forms, and thus take part as objects in the composition. They look as if they were cut from sheet metal; the folds and indentations are as mountainous and mysterious as the landscape of pillows to the eyes of a child." I must look at one of Cézanne's still-lives again; for his tablecloths have invariably looked like tablecloths to

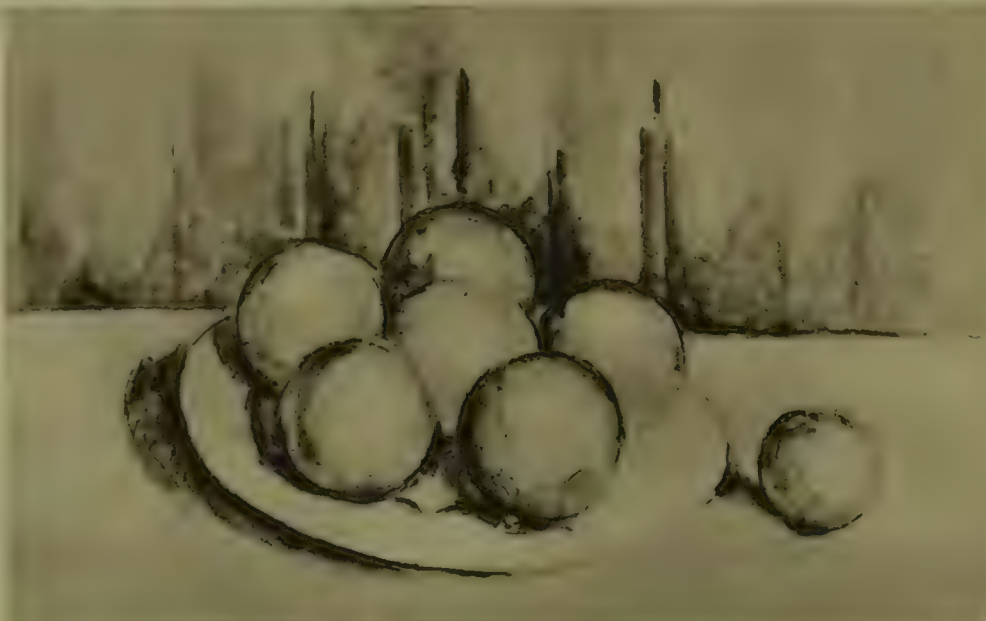
Botticelli was a painter for swooning delicately-bred maidens and not for ordinary men. This impression may have arisen from the circumstance that his figures so often do not seem to stand firmly upon the ground, but rather to float in the air—which makes them look ethereal. At the same time, wholly feminine though his women are, they are not in the least effeminate.

As to his portraits, that of the "Young Man" in the Louvre or of "Giuliano de Medici" at Bergamo, each of them admirably reproduced in this volume, are immensely forceful, almost brutal. Granted that these two heads—clever, fastidious, contemptuous—lend themselves marvellously to the superb precision of Botticelli's line, he surely puts into them something of his own personality; they could not have been painted in this manner by a man of mere sentimentality. Nor—if this is all a reasonable argument—can the face of the painter as he looks out from the right-hand corner of the *Uffizi Adoration*—an effective frontispiece to the book—be regarded as anything but that of a strong-minded young man in complete command of his emotions.



A SELF-PORTRAIT OF BOTTICELLI: A DETAIL FROM THE "ADORATION OF THE MAGI" IN THE UFFIZI, FLORENCE. IT IS THE FRONTISPIECE OF THE BOOK "BOTTICELLI" REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. George Rainbird.



"ORANGES ON A PLATTER" BY PAUL CEZANNE: ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BOOK "CEZANNE DRAWINGS" REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. IT WAS EXECUTED BETWEEN THE YEARS 1895 AND 1900.

Reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Thomas Yoseloff Ltd.

me (no less than those of Chardin); but perhaps I was wrong.

As to the great, the lovable, the mystic, the impeccable craftsman that was Botticelli, I doubt whether seven professors of the history of art, wielding seven erudite mops and working for, not just half a year, but for seven times seven years, would succeed in sweeping away the cobwebs that have from time to time obscured him. All we can do is to bring to his surviving paintings our mid-twentieth-century selves and attempt to understand them, in the fairly certain assurance that our descendants will probably think differently. They may, of course, disagree with us about Cézanne also, but Cézanne is not quite so remote in time. What used to puzzle me years ago was the then prevailing view that Sandro

The more mystic side to his character (the author rejects the theory that it was inspired by the teaching of Savonarola) is beautifully illustrated by the inclusion of the only signed and dated Botticelli—"The Mystic Nativity" of the National Gallery, with its Greek inscription which to-day (without experience of quite recent horrors) may seem a trifle hysterical: "This picture was painted by me, Sandro, at the end of the year 1500 during difficult years in Italy, in the middle of time after the time, according to St. John Ch. XI, in the second agony of the Apocalypse when Satan was let loose upon the earth for three and one half years. After this, he will again be fettered, in accordance with St. John Ch. XII, and we shall see him trampled underfoot as in this picture." If you look carefully, you see various little demons scuttling away into crevices in the rocks. Unfortunately they have emerged on frequent occasions since then—from Dachau to Tibet.

In short, most people to-day, unlike their grandparents—find themselves in complete agreement with the opinion expressed in an anonymous document of 1485 quoted by André Chastel in his introduction—a document in which, as compared with others of his time, Botticelli is described as "an excellent artist of panel paintings and frescoes whose style is more virile and has the highest order and just proportions."

* "Cézanne Drawings." By Alfred Neumeyer. Illustrated. (Thomas Yoseloff; £2 10s.)

* "Botticelli." Text by André Chastel. Illustrated. (George Rainbird; £7 7s.)

THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY: THE 251ST EXHIBITION.



"SUMMER IN AVIGNON," BY COSMO CLARK, C.B.E., R.A., R.W.S.: FROM THE 251ST EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY. (12½ by 17 ins.)



"WINTER MORNING, STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN," BY EDWARD SEAGO, A.R.W.S.: A CHARACTERISTIC STUDY BY THIS DISTINGUISHED WATER-COLOURIST. (10½ by 14½ ins.)



"FONDAMENTA DEL MALCANTON," BY GEORGE BUTLER, R.W.S.: A DELIGHTFUL PAINTING FROM THE CURRENT WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION IN LONDON. (12 by 16 ins.)



"KARLSKIRCHE, VIENNA," BY LORD METHUEN, A.R.A., R.W.S.: AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY; ONE OF THE FIVE PICTURES WHICH LORD METHUEN HAS CONTRIBUTED. (11 by 14 ins.)



"THEATRE ROYAL, BATH," BY LEN ANNOIS, R.W.S.: FROM THE SAME EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOURS WHICH CLOSES ON THURSDAY, APRIL 30.



"THREE FRIENDS," BY ROBERT AUSTIN, R.A., P.R.W.S. THE SPRING EXHIBITION IS THE 251ST TO BE HELD BY THE SOCIETY, FOUNDED IN 1804. (14½ by 12½ ins.)

The spacious room and surrounding gallery at 26, Conduit Street, London, W.1, now houses, until April 30, the 251st Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings by members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours. Founded as long ago as 1804, the Society includes among its Senior Members such distinguished artists as Sir William Russell Flint, P.P.R.W.S., R.A., and Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A. Its President is Mr. Robert Austin, R.A., who has contributed a number of his characteristically appealing paintings

to this exhibition. Among other notable contributors are Mr. Edward Seago, A.R.W.S., whose paintings include the attractive "Outside St. Peter's, Rome," and the delightfully fresh and moist "Winter Morning," illustrated above. There are a number of colourful and sensitive Continental studies by Lord Methuen, A.R.A., and by Mr. Cosmo Clark, C.B.E., R.A., R.W.S.; and among the most interesting are several works by Mr. Thomas Carr, A.R.W.S. The exhibition closes on April 30.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FAIRY TALES COME TRUE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is an appropriate time to return to hedgehogs because they are beginning to move about again after their prolonged sleep. Perhaps I have returned too often to them on this page, but that is because they are a pet subject for me. And one of the things that interests me most is how little, relatively speaking, we know about this extremely familiar animal that lives, at times quite literally, on our doorstep. One aspect of the private life of the hedgehog to which I have given some attention is the various calls or cries they make. Arising from this was a problem, one that had puzzled me. But I did not expect to receive what I think is the answer from New Zealand.

According to my counting, New Zealand has thirty-one mammals, none of them native, exclusive of domesticated animals. Among this long list of introduced animals is the hedgehog, and this is the account of it kindly sent me by Mrs. Flora Yaldwyn, of Wellington, N.Z. She refers to my description of a hedgehog apparently screaming with rage, published on this page last year, and continues: "We, too, have heard a small hedgehog scream with apparent rage exactly like a spoilt frustrated child in a tantrum. One hot sunny summer afternoon four of us saw a tiny hedgehog, one of the smallest I have seen, and we have numbers of them in this part of the world, walking across the grass towards us. It obviously wanted us, and tried to eat and drink, did not mind being picked up, and attempted to nibble, or probably suck, any finger offered. My husband, after a time, walked away, and the tiny thing followed. When he stopped, it settled comfortably by his shoes and in their shade. After a moment my husband stepped three or four paces back. The creature screamed with rage, ran after him and again settled near his shoes. This was repeated many times and the screams were screamed in no uncertain manner, in a voice surprisingly loud for so small an animal. It ran screaming, but was silent when near the shoes. At the time it seemed odd behaviour, quite unexplainable, but I have thought since that possibly it was seeking shade when it first crossed the grass to us, for we were at a tea-table, under a small tree, and had a large sun-umbrella up. Why it followed the man and settled near his shoes can only be explained, I think, by the fact that my husband's shadow fell that way. . . . Before this none of us had ever heard a sound from any hedgehog except that grunting shuffle they make at night when out foraging. The creature was, I am sure, in no pain, only in a rage."

The first time I heard a hedgehog scream it was an adult held in a gin-trap by its hind-leg. The circumstances were such that I could do nothing about it except watch, and it struck me forcibly how the poor beast would pull desperately on the trapped leg, then stop struggling to lift up its head and scream. It did these two things alternately for a long time (I did not watch all this time, but could still hear the screams after I had left it). Had the screams indicated pain I would have expected the hedgehog to cry out while tearing at its trapped leg, but it suffered that in silence.

At the time I supposed the screaming to be a relic of infancy—crying out to mother. It was difficult to believe the screams could have any other significance. Since hedgehogs are so essentially solitary beasts it could hardly serve as a warning to others, nor could it be a cry for help.

Since that time I have studied closely a number of young hedgehogs, with their mothers or on their own. These have used a variety of calls, but none has ever screamed. As a consequence, I had begun to suppose my idea was wrong. My impression is that the baby hedgehog described by Mrs. Yaldwyn had probably accepted a shoe in place of a lost parent, that it welcomed the shade if not the company of the shoe, and that it screamed with frustration (and that is all rage is) whenever deprived of it. Even if this surmise is



WITH ITS BODY CONTORTED, AND IN THE ACT OF THROWING THE SALIVA ON TO ITS BACK: A HEDGEHOG, AMONG CRAB APPLES, IN THE ACT OF SELF-ANOINTING.



A HEDGEHOG WALKING AWAY WITH AN APPLE IMPALED ON ITS SPINES, AFTER HAVING PRESSED HEAVILY AGAINST IT DURING ITS SELF-ANOINTING ACT. DR. BURTON DESCRIBES THIS STRANGE HABIT OF THE HEDGEHOG IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

wrong, at least I have evidence that a baby hedgehog can scream. It restores my faith in my original idea.

Now it seems appropriate to recount another occasion when I had my faith restored in one of my own ideas. This concerns the 2000-year-old story of hedgehogs seen carrying apples impaled on their spines. I have a feeling of repeating myself again on this subject, to the extent of wishing almost to apologise for reverting to it. I dealt with this at length several years ago on this page, and have referred to it several times since. In addition, I have treated the subject at length in my "Animal Legends."

Briefly, the story—usually described as a legend—is that a hedgehog will roll on apples lying on the ground and walk away with one or more impaled on its spines. There are variants in

that the fruit is sometimes strawberries, grapes or pears, but the essence of the story is always the same.

It must be nearly two years ago that I formed the idea that this might have something to do with self-anointing. This particular trick of behaviour consists of the hedgehog licking a chosen substance for perhaps half a minute. During that time a foamy saliva accumulates in its mouth. Then the animal raises itself on its fore-legs and, turning the body to one side, lifts its head and turns it to throw flecks of the foam on to the spines with the tongue. The hedgehog gives the appearance of having a fit, or a spasm of convulsions, because the action is carried out vigorously and with remarkable contortions of the body. Why it should do this is not clear. The substances it may choose to lick vary enormously. In fact, almost anything seems to serve for the licking, although it is noticeable that individuals tend to choose repeatedly one object or substance, and to return to it day after day. The chosen object for licking may be bare earth, dead leaves and anything from these to cigar-stumps.

It occurred to me that if a hedgehog chose to self-anoint where fruit was lying on the ground, it might, in the course of its contortions, which are always carried out with the spines erected, spear one or more apples and walk away with them. Self-anointing is a common piece of behaviour but it is unpredictable, and to test my theory I had to wait until I had a hedgehog that could be relied upon to perform more or less to order.

The chance came last autumn when I had yet another hedgehog given to this habit, and one which did so using dead leaves to lick. When the crab apples were lying thick on the ground the hedgehog was placed among them. For some long minutes it merely wandered about sniffing and we were beginning to think it would disappoint us. Then it stopped, began to sniff at one particular dried leaf and started to lick. It reared up on its front-legs, turned the body to one side, threw its head round and placed the foamy saliva on its flank. But its spines missed the apples.

We waited for it to repeat the performance, and this time, as the body was thrown vigorously to one side, the spines pierced two apples.

Now, it is true that the apples did not stay long on the spines but slid off as the hedgehog moved about, for between each bout of self-anointing it would take a short walk. But it came back again and again to repeat the performance, and on that day, as well as on succeeding days, we saw it pick up apples on its spines and walk away with them impaled.

The hedgehog was barely half-grown and this may be why the fruit fell off. Had it been larger,

and therefore heavier and with longer and more robust spines, there can be little doubt that these apples, or even the larger cultivated varieties, could have been stabbed and held.

The story is, as I have said, a very old one, and persistent. Many people claim to have seen hedgehogs carrying away fruit in this way and it seemed difficult to believe that their testimony was wilfully deceptive or due to faulty observation. The difficulty was to see any purpose in it, and that, doubtless, is why the story has met with so much ridicule.

Whether self-anointing offers the true explanation in every case, or not, is beyond my experience to say. I can only claim to have seen one hedgehog impale apples on its spines while self-anointing. That, at least, brings something hitherto regarded as an old-wives'-tale within the bounds of possibility.



A "LOCH NESS MONSTER OF THE AMAZON": A 23-FT. ANACONDA WITH WHICH A DANISH TRAVELLER WRESTLED IN SHALLOW WATER NEAR IQUITOS. THE SNAKE WEIGHED ABOUT 220 LB.

The Anaconda (*Eunectes murinus*) is an aquatic boa living in the swamps and rivers of Brazil, British Guiana and eastern Peru. It is the largest American snake and competes with the reticulated python for the title of the largest snake in the world. Its size and swallowing capacity have been much exaggerated in travellers' tales, but the largest known have rarely exceeded 30 ft. in length. A Danish traveller, Mr. Jorgen Bitsch, while in the neighbourhood of Iquitos, a town of north-eastern Peru, on the Amazon, heard a report of a very large anaconda and determined if possible to capture and film this monster. Having waited for some days

beside the lagoon in which the anaconda was reported, and having instructed an Indian on how to work the cameras which he set up at various strategic points, Mr. Bitsch reports that he saw the snake in shallow water nearby and instinctively seized it by the throat. He has described how he then wrestled with the fighting snake, while calling out to the Indian to help him. The Indian, mistaking these anguished cries (in Danish), took them for instructions to start filming—and indeed did so. It was only when the film was exhausted that the Indian came to his assistance, and together they hauled the great snake ashore.



nary herbs from which one can gather one's flavourings in absolutely fresh condition, instead of always having to fall back on dried material. But many of the herbs enjoy or demand such widely differing conditions in which to grow, that it is foolish to attempt to grow them all in

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

HERB GARDEN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

a leaf or a tender growing tip, bruised and finely chopped, adds a refreshing tang to a lettuce salad which will astonish and enchant anyone lunching with you. Mint is a restless, wandering plant, for ever trying to spread from where you planted it. Let it. And in planting make allowances for this trait.

Of thymes there are several species and varieties, all of which are worth growing, though for the kitchen the bushy ones are more valuable than the creepers and mat-formers. And they are so neat and of such a picturesque appearance, both in and out of flower, that they may well be grown in the forefront of the mixed flower border. The creeping thymes, mostly forms of *Thymus serpyllum*, are among the most useful plants for growing in the crevices of paved paths, and there are a fair number of distinct varieties. Among the best are *alba*, with white flowers; *coccinea*, crimson; "Annie Hall," pink; *aurea*, green-leaved all summer and gold as a guinea in winter. Once upon a time (no pun intended, it just came) in laying out a rather extensive garden, I constructed and planted a thyme seat. It was carved out in a bank, in the outline of a semi-circular sofa, and upholstered with the carpeting *Thymus serpyllum*, planted so close together as to join up soon into a solid carpet. The chief snag about it was that *serpyllum* did not stand up to being sat upon as a good sofa should. Also, when it was in flower the bees that swarmed to it bitterly resented lounging intruders, and were apt to behave in a most unchristian manner.

Clumps of chives should be in every herb garden, in fact, in every garden, herb or otherwise. The slender onion-like leaves are delicious for flavouring salads, and finely chopped are excellent in omelettes. And in addition to that, the flowers, cluster-heads of small blossom the colour of cloves, are delightful as cut flowers. In recent

years they have made their appearance in certain flower shops in London.

Rue is a well-known name as a herb, but I confess that I have never met it at table. It is quite an attractive-looking grey bush, about a couple of feet high, and the leaves, when plucked and bruised, have never tempted me to try them either in salads or in cooking. Maybe I have missed much good. Neither have I used fennel, in spite of having grown it from time to time; I couldn't say why. But I met it at lunch many years ago at a famous fish restaurant in Nice. We ordered a dish of *loup de mer*, which apparently was a very special dish. At any rate, they served it with far greater ritual than I thought the dish deserved. It was brought in a great silver platter, a flaming pyre of fennel, around which the head waiter performed the most impressive rites and rituals. He was obviously a bit of a land wolf.

A herb which is far too seldom grown and used is the landlubber equivalent of watercress. It was grown—a good bed of it—in the kitchen garden of my boyhood home. It was not as good as watercress. Hotter and tougher, I seem to remember. But it makes excellent watercress



THE FANTASTIC LEAF OF FENNEL, FINOCCHIO OR *FENICULUM VULGARE*, WHICH APART FROM ITS USES IN SALADS AND FISH-SAUCES IS ONE OF THE MOST ELEGANT OF ALL HERBS.
Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

one definitely confined department of the garden. Then, too, some are such unruly rampers that others would be in danger of being smothered by them in the restricted space of the herb garden. If, however, you are fascinated by the pretty conceit, the romantic idea of a herb garden, which you can show to your gardening friends and neighbours, by all means have a little collection of assorted herbs of about equal vigour and stature, and grow the others in the positions in the garden which are best suited to their needs and demands.

Sage you must have, of course, and sage is a sun-lover, and is happiest on a fairly light soil, though it will tolerate heavier ground if no other kind is available. With its grey-green leaves and plumes of violet blossom in due season, a sage bush can hold its own for charm and beauty in any herbaceous flower border, and may even improve matters there by toning down any tendency to over-flamboyance. In addition to the ordinary grey-leaved sage there is a variety with purple leaves, as well as one whose leaves are splashed with white. Not, in my opinion, one of the happiest cases of variegation.

Next in importance to sage—in fact, of equal importance—is mint, both the ordinary garden variety and the apple mint, which is surprisingly little known or grown. Apple mint has larger, rounder leaves than the common sort, and they are covered with a soft coat of down, and its flavour has a definite and delicious fruity tang, which you may or may not persuade yourself is apple-like. But whatever the flavour may be, apple mint makes most excellent mint-sauce, and



THE HERB GARDEN AT SISSINGHURST CASTLE. NOTHING IS MORE DELIGHTFUL, ROMANTIC OR AROMATIC THAN A HERB GARDEN—BUT, AS MR. ELLIOTT POINTS OUT, IT HAS ITS PROBLEMS OF MANAGEMENT OWING TO THE VARYING REQUIREMENTS OF SOME OF THE KEY PLANTS.
Photograph by J. E. Downward.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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soup. Few soups are better, I think, than watercress soup, yet how seldom one meets it. Can this be due to the pitiless price of watercress? It seems probable. Without doubt I must order a packet of land cress seed and plant a bed, in the hope that it will prove to-day as excellent—for soup at any rate, as it was—how many years ago? Well, lots and lots. But no matter how good it tastes, it could not possibly be quite as wonderful as the mustard and cress that I grew as a very small boy, on my washing flannel in a soup plate, and suitably irrigated. My nanna could not think where the abominable thing had got to. The things I've done in the cause of horticulture!

SOME NOTABLE PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



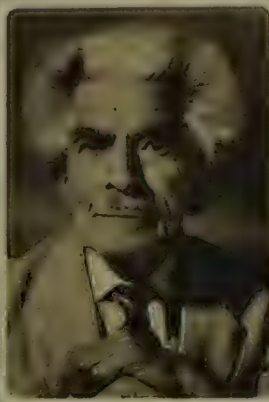
TO BE SCIENTIFIC ATTACHE IN MOSCOW: MR. D. A. SENIOR.
Mr. D. A. Senior, who is 35, has been appointed Scientific Attache at the British Embassy in Moscow, a newly-created post. He will advise the Ambassador, Sir Patrick Reilly, on scientific matters. Since 1950 Mr. Senior has been at the Admiralty laboratory at Teddington.



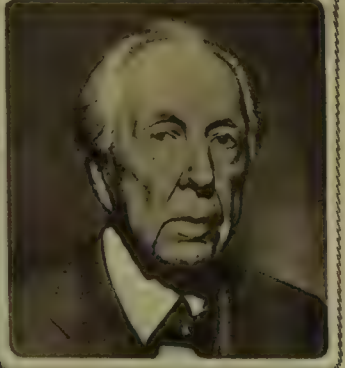
AN EAST AFRICAN INDUSTRIALIST: THE LATE SIR ELDRED HITCHCOCK.
Sir Eldred Hitchcock, who died on April 6, at the age of 71, had been the chief figure in the East African sisal industry during the past twenty years. He did much to develop industry in Tanganyika and formed the Sisal Marketing Association in 1949. He was an active supporter of multi-racialism.



A DRAFT AGREEMENT ON A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR BRUNEI, SEPARATING IT FROM SARAWAK, IS INITIALLED.
After a fortnight of talks in London, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary (left), and the Sultan of Brunei (right), have agreed to give the small East Indian State more independence and a new constitution.



A FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER OF CHILDREN: THE LATE MR. M. ADAMS.
Mr. Marcus Adams, perhaps the world's greatest photographer of children, and for more than thirty years photographer to the Royal family, died on April 9, aged 83. His first study of the Queen was when she was eight months old. The last of his many brilliant Royal portraits was of Princess Anne in 1955.



A GREAT ARCHITECT: THE LATE MR. FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT.
Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, who died on April 9 at the age of 89, was the greatest American architect of his time and one of the most outstandingly original architects the world has seen. His most famous building, the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, survived the 1923 earthquake.



TO BE PRESIDENT OF F.B.I.: MR. W. H. MCFADZEAN.
Mr. William Hunter McFadzean was elected President of the Federation of British Industries at the annual meeting in London on April 8. He will succeed Sir Hugh Beaver. Mr. McFadzean has been Chairman and Managing Director of British Insulated Callender's Cables since 1954.



TO ATTEMPT A SPACE FLIGHT: SEVEN AMERICAN SERVICEMEN. (L. TO R.) CAPT. D. SLAYTON, LIEUT.-COM. A. SHEPHARD, LIEUT.-COM. W. SHIRRA, CAPT. V. GRISSOM, LIEUT.-COL. J. GLENN, CAPT. L. COOPER AND LIEUT. M. CARPENTER.
Seven American Servicemen, who have been selected by the U.S. Government as America's first space men, are seen here during an interview in Washington on April 9. All the officers are married and all have children. They were selected from more than 100 military test pilots as the crews for the manned satellites, which will probably be put into orbit in 1961.



A HIGH COMMISSIONER: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JORDAN.
Sir William Jordan, who died on April 8, was High Commissioner for New Zealand in London from 1936 to 1951. In 1932 he was President of the New Zealand Labour Party. He represented New Zealand at many international conferences, including the 1946 Peace Conference.



TO BE GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN RHODESIA: MR. E. D. HONE.
Mr. Evelyn Dennison Hone, who is 47, has been appointed Governor of Northern Rhodesia in succession to Sir Arthur Benson. Mr. Hone, who is at present Chief Secretary of Northern Rhodesia, entered the colonial administrative service in 1937, and held many important posts.



TO RETIRE: BRITAIN'S OLDEST TEST PILOT, MR. "TIM" WOOD.
Mr. "Tim" Wood, who will be 57 next month, is to retire at the end of April as chief test pilot of Blackburn Aircraft Ltd. Mr. Wood carried out the maiden flight of the giant Blackburn Beverley freighter. He tested many famous fighters, including the Spitfire and Mosquito.



A SPECIAL "OSCAR" FOR LONG SERVICE IN ENTERTAINMENT: MAURICE CHEVALIER.
Mr. David Niven and Miss Wendy Hiller, both British stars, received "Oscars" at the Motion Picture Academy awards presentation in Hollywood on April 6—Mr. Niven being judged the year's best actor and Miss Hiller best supporting actress. Miss Hayward received

AFTER THE RECENT "OSCAR" PRESENTATION: (L. TO R.) BURL IVES, SUSAN HAYWARD AND DAVID NIVEN, WITH INGRID BERGMAN, WHO PRESENTED AN AWARD.
the award for the best actress and Mr. Burl Ives that for the best supporting actor. The two British wins were for performances in "Separate Tables"; the film "Gigi" won nine awards. It was the 31st annual presentation.

AWARDED AN "OSCAR" AS THE YEAR'S BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS: WENDY HILLER.
The two British wins were for performances in "Separate Tables"; the film "Gigi" won nine awards. It was the 31st annual presentation.

THREE NEW CHURCHES: EXAMPLES OF MODERN ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.



STARKLY SIMPLE IN DESIGN AND WITH TWO CARVED WOODEN FIGURES STANDING BY A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW: THE NEW DANISH SEAMEN'S CHURCH NOW CONSTRUCTED IN EAST LONDON.



TO BE CONSECRATED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK: THE DANISH SEAMEN'S CHURCH, SHOWING THE EMBLEM OF THE ANCHOR AND CROSS. The King and Queen of Denmark will attend the Consecration on April 19 of the new Danish Seamen's Church in Stepney. This new church, which replaces one due for demolition, is of typical modern Danish design. Before a subtly-coloured window near the altar stand two old wooden carved figures.



DESIGNED AND CARRIED OUT BY MR. JOHN PIPER FOR ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, HARLOW NEW TOWN: A HUGE MOSAIC BEHIND THE ALTAR.



WITH A PRE-CAST CONCRETE SPIRE RISING TO A HEIGHT OF 97 FT.: THE ELEGANT NEW PARISH CHURCH IN HARLOW NEW TOWN, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

One of the most imaginative modern churches recently completed in England's new towns is St. Paul's Church, Harlow, Essex. Among its most interesting features are the pre-cast concrete spire, rising to 97 ft., the separated belfry tower, and an impressive mosaic behind the altar which is the work of Mr. John Piper.



REPLACING THE ONE DESTROYED BY A V-2 MISSILE IN 1944: THE NEW CHRIST CHURCH, BATTERSEA, RECENTLY DEDICATED BY THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.



OCCUPYING THE AREA COVERED BY THE DESTROYED CHURCH: THE SPACIOUS INTERIOR OF BATTERSEA'S NEW CHURCH, SHOWING MR. HANS FEIBUSCH'S MURAL BEHIND THE HIGH ALTAR. The new Christ Church, Battersea, London, built on the site of its predecessor, destroyed during the war, is of neo-classical design. It has a wide nave dominated by a mural by Mr. Hans Feibusch depicting the appearance of Christ to those accepting and those rejecting Him.

IN ENGLAND AND CYPRUS: NEWS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



RECENT ARRIVALS IN LONDON: THREE HORSES PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AND DUKE OF EDINBURGH BY THE PRESIDENT AND GOVERNMENT OF PAKISTAN.

Three thoroughbreds (two of them polo ponies for the Duke of Edinburgh) were presented to the Queen and Duke during His Royal Highness's tour of Pakistan last February and arrived in London earlier this month. The Queen's horse, *Sultan*, is seen to the left.



AT NORTHOLT AIRPORT: MR. MACMILLAN WITH M. DEBRE, THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, ON HIS ARRIVAL FOR A TWO-DAY VISIT.

Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd were present at Northolt Airport on April 13 to welcome M. Debré and the French Foreign Minister, M. Couve de Murville. It was expected there would be discussions of East-West relations and African questions during the visit.

(Right.) THE INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE CYPRUS COUNCIL OF MINISTERS. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE SIR HUGH FOOT, ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS AND DR. KUTCHUK.

The first full session of the Cyprus transitional Council of Ministers was held in Nicosia on April 6. As the Ministers arrived, crowds gave specially warm cheers for two of them who were Eoka leaders. At the meeting, Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, said the chance had been provided of creating within one year a free, independent republic. He made a plea that Cyprus should be saved from disaster and said that in Cyprus the world could be shown that the forces of goodwill and justice are stronger than those of hatred and violence. Archbishop Makarios and Dr. Kutchuk made pledges that their respective communities, the Greek and Turkish, would seek friendly relations with the other



CLEARING THE COPPERFIELD FOR THE LARGE COPPER BUTTERFLY: THE SCENE AS UNIVERSITY AND SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS WORKED IN WOODWALTON FEN.

Sallow and birch bushes are being removed in the Copperfield, an area of Woodwalton Fen nature reserve, Hunts., in order to help the large copper butterfly to establish itself on the fen. The clearance is organised by a section of the new Council for Nature.



IN BIRMINGHAM: A BUILDING ON STILTS—A NEW COMMERCIAL BLOCK FORMING PART OF THE SMALLBROOK STREET DEVELOPMENT SCHEME.

The Laing Development Co. Limited's construction work at the Smallbrook Street development site near Birmingham's new inner ring road continues. The above building spans the ring road, which passes near the site of the proposed Bull Ring supermarket development scheme.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SOUND AND SENSE

By J. C. TREWIN.

"Othello" should make a noble noise; and the present Stratford-upon-Avon revival does not. That is my principal complaint, and it is a surprising one when Paul Robeson appears as the Moor. One would have thought that he had all the part needed, certainly a voice matched to the sonorous, magnificently vowelled speeches that roll like thunder among the hills or with the sound of a billow upon a marbled shore.

I have to regret that at Stratford I thought first of the sound of a Northern Line train in the tunnels near Leicester Square station. If you have waited on one of those platforms, you must have been deluded many times into believing that a train is about to swoop from the tunnel. But no! in spite of a reverberating rumble, nothing happens. So with Mr. Robeson's voice. From the premonitory sounds one imagines that the night may be gloriously spoken. The actor is clearly tuning up; his compulsive force will ne'er feel retiring ebb but keep due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont.

Alas, what happens is that the tone stays much the same. The voice, moving though it can be at times, just cannot encompass the full Othello music, and the part dwindles proportionately. The actor, too, is unsure of his phrasing: he is apt to hit a noun full pitch and to miss the epithet. Sam Wanamaker, who plays Iago, uses a cold, nasal voice, sharply twanged off, that, though it can express much within a limited range, can worry the ear after two hours. In fact, the ear is having a poor time at Stratford: astonishing in such a tragedy as this. Why in the world do we not give more attention to the sound of Shakespeare, the unfailing excitement of the world's theatre? Have our directors ceased to care?

Still, there is one thing. I can report that the speech in "Othello," with a few exceptions, is audible. Last year there were too many wispy, cirrus-trailed sentences, too much vague blurring. We lost nothing important at the "Othello" première except the Storm speeches which were ruined—mainly, I think, because the director had not bothered about them and took much more interest in a tearing gale on his cyclorama and what looked to me like fog, though presumably it was smoke.

Better news: the players have sought to take care of the sense even if the sound has been left unluckily to take care of itself. Robeson can be touching in his grief, "perplex'd in the extreme." The blaze should be bigger, but he does indicate the inflammability of the man, the anguish that derives not altogether from jealousy, but from the belief that Desdemona, of all people, has been unfaithful. Coleridge said:

Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall. . . .

The emotion is suggested in Robeson's performance, the love, the innate primitive trust and simplicity. But we do need the swell of voice. The train must leave the tunnel; the wave must break. At Stratford they never do.

I find myself liking Mr. Wanamaker more and more in retrospect. His Iago could be a gang-leader; but the man has a certain glib charm, and he does phrase the part. We know what he is thinking, and we know how he is persuading others to consider him: a difficult double act that the player manages with excellent cunning. But I do wish that he could give full value to his words. Though he relishes the character of Iago, we feel that he might just as well be speaking in the argot of "West Side Story." And consider how Iago does speak:

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Other people in the cast are appropriate: Mary Ure, who is more than a skimmed-milk Desdemona; Angela Baddeley, putting Emilia across with expert judgment; Albert Finney, splendidly consistent as a Cassio on his chosen lines (though the director might have helped him in a dark rough-and-tumble, and maybe a Florentine would be more consciously elegant). Peter Woodthorpe is a Roderigo without comic decoration.

The settings, by Loudon Sainthill, are useful, especially the citadel, with its coigns and casemates, against the sultry sky. I do not like the bedchamber on an upper level. It seems to be a very long way from us, and its use involves towards the end a good deal of needless racing and chasing. Cyprus, too, is darker than need be. Most of the cuts are fair—we lose the Clown, re-introduced to Stratford in 1956—but I cannot think for the life of me why Mr. Richardson cut the few lines in the first act when Iago, with his imagination in delighted flame, tells Roderigo to call upon Brabantio.

with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

And now to chronicle smaller beer: the farce, "Fool's Paradise," at the Apollo. Irving, in James Albery's "Two Roses," once had a famous catch-phrase, "A little cheque"; and in Peter Coke's new farce, Cicely Courtneidge and Nora Swinburne, as a pair of moderately merry widows, spend their time trying to avoid the little cheques that suddenly float in at every door and window. They are tried comediennesses, Miss Swinburne much the gentler of the two. Miss Courtneidge works relentlessly; but for the material her method is right. She hammers, she pile-drives, and the farce that had seemed so shaky early in the night ends by being founded upon the solid rock. The trouble is that Miss Courtneidge must go through the same process every night: I hope her stamina will endure until the end of the run.

"Breath of Spring," as we know, is the richest nonsense. The new play is by the same author, so naturally it has some good comic ideas. But where "Breath of Spring" was continuously fresh, bred almost of the moment, "Fool's Paradise" keeps one aware of its author hard at work, a conscientious endeavour that the acting has to match. The third act is the best, and here Miss Courtneidge is in proud full sail, with the voice that tilts upward, the eyes in full gleam, and the determined walk. If I prefer to be with Mr. Coke's fur-thieves in Kensington, I would not deny that his new eccentrics in Westminster have their moments, and it would be pompous to address the farce crushingly like a heavy father to an oddly obstreperous child. (Criticism has to watch itself sometimes.) A nicely-observed performance at the Apollo is the ancient maidservant (Eileen Draycott): she has had immense experience in repertory, and it is agreeable to watch her command in any situation that concerns her. Allan Davis has directed with his usual zest, and Tony Walton's décor dresses the stage to admiration.

I have reviewed "Ghosts" already, at some length, so let me note here simply that Mr. Fernald's Old Vic production, on its transference to the Princes, is helped finely by Sir Donald Wolfit's Pastor Manders. Sir Donald is always well within the character, never regarding it with self-conscious amusement, and he and Flora Robson's Mrs. Alving thrust the drama across with a vigour to which Ronald Lewis's Oswald adds in the ultimate terrifying scene of sunrise over the fjord. There, to use a figure with which we began, the billow breaks upon the shore in one fierce, smothering wave.



NOTABLE CASTING AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON: PAUL ROBESON AS OTHELLO, WITH MARY URE AS DESDEMONA AND PAUL HARDWICK AS HER FATHER BRABANTIO, IN A SCENE FROM THE PRESENT REVIVAL OF "OTHELLO."

Mr. Robeson is appearing for the first time at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in the present production of "Othello," although he has previously acted in the title-role in this country. The part of Iago is played by Sam Wanamaker. (First night, April 7, when the Memorial Theatre's present season opened.)



CATHERINE HAYLING (NORA SWINBURNE), LEFT, AND JANE HAYLING (CICELY COURTNIDGE), WHO "AS A PAIR OF MODERATELY MERRY WIDOWS SPEND THEIR TIME TRYING TO AVOID THE LITTLE CHEQUES THAT SUDDENLY FLOAT IN AT EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW" IN PETER COKE'S NEW FARCE, "FOOL'S PARADISE." WITH THEM IS ROSE, RIGHT, A MAIDSERVANT, WELL PORTRAYED BY EILEEN DRAYCOTT. (APOLLO: FIRST NIGHT, APRIL 1.) (Photo. by Torrington Douglas.)

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE HIDDEN RIVER" (Cambridge).—A play (with Leo Genn) adapted by Ruth and Augustus Goetz from a novel by Storm Jameson. (April 13.)
"DARK HALO" (Arts).—Mary Ellis in a drama by Sylvia Leigh. (April 14.)
"MR. FOX OF VENICE" (Piccadilly).—Paul Rogers as a successor to Volpone in a modern puzzle-play by Frederick Knott. (April 15.)
"DIE FLEDERMAUS" (Coliseum).—The Sadler's Wells company opens its season. (April 16.)

AMERICAN AIR DEVELOPMENTS; AND FRENCH MISSILES FOR THE U.S. ARMY.



NOW ADOPTED AS THE U.S.A.F.'S SUPERSONIC BASIC TRAINER: THE NORTHROP T-38 TALON LEAVING THE GROUND FOR ITS FIRST FLIGHT AT A CALIFORNIA TEST CENTRE ON APRIL 10. IT HAS AN ESTIMATED MAXIMUM SPEED OF MACH 1.28.



A MARTIN MACE TACTICAL GUIDED MISSILE CARAVAN ON THE MOVE DURING TRAINING IN MARYLAND. THE MACE IS DESIGNED TO SUPERSEDE THE MATADOR WITH THE U.S.A.F. AND IS EXPECTED SOON TO BE IN SERVICE IN GERMANY.



A FLYING CRANE: THE NEW SIKORSKY S-60 HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT AT STRATFORD, CONN. THIS HAS NO CONVENTIONAL CARGO CONTAINER BUT CARRIES LOADS UP TO 6 TONS BY MEANS OF A HOIST UNDER THE FUSELAGE.



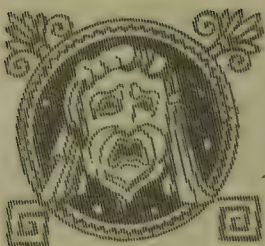
AN AIRCRAFT WITH A COMPLETELY PNEUMATIC AIRFRAME: THE GOODYEAR INFLATOPLANE, UNDER TEST BY THE U.S. ARMY AND NAVY. IT CAN BE UNPACKED, INFLATED AND IN FLIGHT WITHIN SIX MINUTES. IT HAS A CRUISING SPEED OF 65 M.P.H.



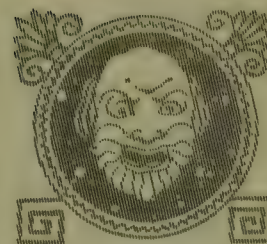
A FRENCH-MADE ANTI-TANK MISSILE FOR THE U.S. ARMY: THE SS11, WHICH IS BEING MADE BY NORD AVIATION OF PARIS. THE PLACING OF THE ORDER WAS ANNOUNCED IN WASHINGTON BY THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE ON APRIL 12.



THE S.10, ANOTHER FRENCH-MADE ANTI-TANK MISSILE ORDERED FOR THE U.S. ARMY. BOTH THIS AND THE SS11, WHICH ARE MADE BY NORD AVIATION, CAN BE FIRED FROM THE GROUND AS SHOWN OR FROM A LAUNCHER IN THE BACK OF A MOTOR TRUCK.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



BANG, BANG, BANG

By ALAN DENT

IT would seem that I am in a minority of one in feeling quite revolted at the trend most of the recent films have been taking. Is it just that I am doddering on the edge of old foggydom, or are our youngsters far too much encouraged in the ways of violence both in their fun-and-games and in their entertainments? It is indicative of our times that the little Cockney boy in Paddington the other day, who was eye-witness of a daylight mail robbery, told a radio reporter that he and his mates had just been playing in the same street and around it. Asked what game he had been playing, he promptly replied, "Cops and Robbers."

Quite the best of the new batch is "Tiger Bay." Yet it cannot be denied that it is thoroughly "delinquent." A strong and salutary amount of humour keeps it well away from offensiveness in this respect. It is set in that part of Cardiff where the population is two-to-one coloured and white, and where most of the men are sea-going and most of the tenements over-crowded.

Here in the rough playgrounds the camera concentrates on Gillie, an endearingly saucy little girl who plays with a toy bomb for lack of that toy revolver which seems to be possessed by all her other playmates, who are mainly boys. Gillie is turned by Hayley Mills (who is John Mills's little daughter) into quite a character. She is rough, uncouth, and has a tremendous though fundamentally romantic propensity for lying. Yet such is her skill, and so thoroughly well has she been ordered about and controlled by both the director and, we suspect, her dad, that we come away quite enraptured with Gillie and keen to know her again in further adventures.

The present one involves her in a murder of which she is an eye-witness. Loud bangs are an every-minute occurrence in the house in which Gillie has been reared. But the cause of one

Gillie takes the gun from under her surplice and shows it to the pop-eyed choirboy alongside. This little boy registers amazement so well—though he automatically continues to sing—that his name ought to be contained in the cast-list.

The rest of the film is too full of amusement (Gillie with her incurable mendacity misleading the

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



HAYLEY MILLS AND HER FATHER, JOHN MILLS, WHO ARE APPEARING TOGETHER IN "TIGER BAY" (RANK ORGANISATION).

"Little Miss Hayley Mills," writes Alan Dent, "is a wide-eyed and immensely winning twelve-year-old who has won an instantaneous success as a poor little Cardiff urchin. She sees a murderer through a letter-box, captures and keeps the murderer's gun, and goes off on the run with the murderer himself—strongly armed with her own innocence. Mr. Mills is a good enough actor to conceal completely his paternal pride, since he is playing a policeman whose task it is to stop the child romanticising all she has witnessed, heard, and overheard. But he can seldom have given himself a harder part! The film, excitingly directed by Lee Thompson, began its career at the Leicester Square Theatre on March 26, and has already been generally released."

police who are led by John Mills himself) and of suspense (Gillie going off with the fugitive at her own peril) for us to find any time to protest at its fundamental unreality and sentimentality. The director, J. Lee Thompson, keeps us at fever-heat almost against our will.

In "The Sound and the Fury" the heat is just as feverish but much more languid-making. This will seem a great film to all those who think William Faulkner a great novelist. The Deep South—yet again the Deep South—is all around us, and we are in and about a mouldering old house with a pillared portico, and the decadent Spanish moss smothers the trees. And only Yul

Brynnner, as an offshoot of the decaying Compson family, can keep his senses sober and his hypnotising eyes wide open and his wits about him. And there are two brothers, one of them permanently drunk and the other a deaf-mute who, it is whispered, is insane as well. And there is a semi-maniacal sister, affectingly played by Margaret Leighton, who ran away in the long-ago deserting her illegitimate baby; and who now returns to find her baby seventeen years old and with all her mother's tendencies. This one is played by Joanne Woodward, and she spends most of her nights gadding about with a dark young gipsy in the still darker woods. But Yul Brynnner is her guardian, and he puts a stop to it. And she hates him, and then she loves him.

And I thought that Ethel Waters was delightful as a coal-black mammy, the only sane person on the premises. And I thought that Mr. Brynnner, when he chooses as here to sport some hair, conceals nearly half of his undoubted talents in the process. And I found "The Sound and the Fury" not only enervating, but more than a little preposterous, though it had the saving and negative merit of having hardly any gun-fire.

The bangs are again with us, though, and all round us to an alarming extent in "Al Capone," which gives us Rod Steiger, admittedly a forceful actor, in the life-history of a hideous scoundrel whom they call "the No. 1 Underworld King of All Time." They also call him "Mr. Big." Personally, I found him just about the size of a cockroach in every sense that matters. The film has one rather haunting performance by Fay Spain, who has to impersonate what they call "the lovely widow of a murdered waiter." But how it all makes me yearn for a little peace and decency!

A rather mysterious letter from Winnipeg runs exactly as follows, without any preliminary address:



"DELIGHTFUL AS A COAL-BLACK MAMMY, THE ONLY SANE PERSON ON THE PREMISES": ETHEL WATERS AS DILSEY, WITH BEN COMPSON (JACK WARDEN) AND QUENTIN (JOANNE WOODWARD), IN A SCENE FROM "THE SOUND AND THE FURY," IN WHICH YUL BRYNNER AND MARGARET LEIGHTON TAKE TWO LEADING ROLES. THE FILM IS BASED ON WILLIAM FAULKNER'S NOVEL ABOUT THE DEEP SOUTH. (20TH CENTURY-FOX: LONDON PREMIERE, CARLTON, HAYMARKET, MARCH 26.)

particularly loud bang is seen by Gillie peeping through a letter-box. It is a young Polish seaman killing the girl who has been untrue to him in his absence. (Yvonne Mitchell plays this short-lived young woman with her usual vivid intensity, and as the Pole, a new German actor, Horst Buchholz, seems to me to evince more charm than expressiveness.)

The murderer—for that is what he is, though the film goes rather out of its way to protest that he is quite a nice murderer, really!—conceals his gun and makes off. Gillie takes the gun, conceals it on her person, and rushes off belatedly to take her part in a choir singing at a wedding. She is despatched there by her hard-worked mother (Megs Jenkins, like Patience on a monument smiling at delinquency). The film's best moment comes when, in the midst of the wedding ceremony and its accompanying anthem,



"THE LIFE-HISTORY OF A HIDEOUS SCOUNDREL": "AL CAPONE"—A SCENE SHOWING ROD STEIGER, WHO TAKES THE TITLE ROLE, AND FAY SPAIN, WHO GIVES A HAUNTING PERFORMANCE AS MAUREEN FLANNERY, DESCRIBED AS "THE LOVELY WIDOW OF A MURDERED WAITER." (ASSOCIATED BRITISH-PATHE: LONDON PREMIERE, ODEON, MARBLE ARCH, MARCH 26.)

"MARLIN: Family, MAKAIRA. Five species—Black, Blue, Silver, Striped, White. See 'Book of Fishes,' published by National Geographical Society, Washington, D.C., and many other ichthyological books. After reading your article in Dec. 13th I.L.N. thought above might interest you. I liked the picture, quite a change from the eternal sex hog-wash."

I was on the point of forwarding this note to Dr. Maurice Burton as having obviously reached me in mistake for him, when I remembered a film called "The Old Man and the Sea," wherein Spencer Tracy spends days and nights wrestling with a "marlin," and my complaint that that huge fish has no place in the Shorter Oxford Dictionary. Will that exceptional compilation please note, and please repair the omission? I am capable of writing letters to almost anyone and almost any institution. But when it comes to writing to a Dictionary, words fail me.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"ROOM AT THE TOP" (British Lion. Generally Released: April 13).—John Braine's best-selling novel, about a Yorkshire youth "making good" at all costs, translates admirably to the screen, thanks to good direction, Laurence Harvey, Heather Sears, and most especially Simone Signoret.

"SEPARATE TABLES" (United Artists. Generally Released: March 30).—Terence Rattigan's brilliant play about life in a shabby-genteel British boarding-house retains a surprising amount of its high quality, though the exigencies of its making obliged two of its characters to be American. These (played by Burt Lancaster and Rita Hayworth) are perhaps less satisfying than the English ones (played by David Niven, Deborah Kerr, and Wendy Hiller). Yet it is all enormously to be seen.

"IDLE ON PARADE" (Columbia. Generally Released: April 6).—A less definitely to-be-seen farce about Service life, though it has that massive veteran, William Bendix, and an up-and-coming new young comedian in Anthony Newley.

SAVING ANIMALS STRANDED BY A MAN-MADE FLOOD: SCENES AT THE STEADILY GROWING KARIBA LAKE.



(Left.)
SETTING OFF FOR THE
MAINLAND: A VIEW
FROM A BOAT CARRY-
ING RESCUED ANIMALS
TO SAFETY AFTER
THEY HAD BEEN
ROUNDED UP ON ONE
OF THE MANY ISLANDS
FORMED BY THE
RISING WATERS OF
THE ZAMBESI.

(Right.)
LIFTING A TRUSSED
AND BLINDFOLDED
ANIMAL INTO A BOAT
DRIVEN FAR INTO
FLOODED UNDER-
GROWTH: ANOTHER
SCENE DURING A
RESCUE OPERATION
AT THE KARIBA
HYDRO-ELECTRIC
DAM.



A FEROCIOUS WILD PIG, SECURELY TIED UP, BEING CARRIED TOWARDS A BOAT WHICH WILL TAKE HIM TO THE SHORES OF THE LAKE.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR PEVERIL WILLIAM-POWLETT, THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA, AND HIS WIFE EXAMINING ONE OF THE RESCUED ANIMALS.



SOME OF THE AFRICAN RESCUE WORKERS CARRYING AN ANIMAL—TAKEN FROM THE WATER—TO A WAITING RESCUE BOAT.



THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA WITH THREE AFRICANS IN ONE OF THE RESCUE CRAFT PLYING BETWEEN THE ISLANDS OF THE ARTIFICIALLY-FORMED LAKE.

As the River Zambesi forms the huge artificial lake above the Kariba Dam, numerous islands are being formed by the rising waters. Efforts are being made to save animals stranded on the islands, where they might otherwise eventually be submerged or find themselves crowded into too small an area to survive. A Noah-like rescue operation has been carried on by the Game Department of Southern Rhodesia for the past two months, and many animals have already been saved. The Northern Rhodesia Game Department is also saving stranded creatures, the rescues by boat on the northern side of the lake

having been planned to begin on April 13. Surveys have shown that the numbers of animals trapped on the northern side is very much less than on the Southern Rhodesia islands. There have recently been complaints that the game departments concerned have been slow in tackling this problem, but the Southern Rhodesia Minister of Lands has firmly denied that this is so. On April 8, the Secretary of State for the Colonies made a detailed statement on the Northern Rhodesia Game Department's rescue plans. Of the larger animals, the elephants and buffaloes can swim considerable distances.

FROM MALTA TO JAPAN: NAVAL AND SHIPPING EVENTS OF NOTE.



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER *MACON* ARRIVING AT MALTA SHORTLY BEFORE THE RECENT N.A.T.O. TENTH ANNIVERSARY CEREMONY THERE.

BRITISH, American, French, Greek and Italian warships assembled recently at Malta for the celebration there of the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and also of the sixth anniversary of the setting up of Headquarters, Allied Forces, Mediterranean. The occasion was marked by a parade outside the Headquarters building in Floriana, Valetta, on April 8, in which over a thousand Servicemen from N.A.T.O. countries, together with W.R.N.S. detachments, took part. At the parade, an address was given by Admiral Sir Alexander N. Bingley, the C.-in-C., Allied Forces, Mediterranean. Following the celebration of the anniversaries a large-scale exercise—described as the seventh major Allied naval and air exercise to be held since the Allied Forces Mediterranean Command was activated in 1953—was to take place between April 13 and 18. The exercise, known as Medflex Guard, was under the overall direction of Admiral Sir Alexander Bingley and was to cover the whole Mediterranean.



A VIEW OF SLIEMA HARBOUR, MALTA, SHOWING BRITISH, ITALIAN, FRENCH AND GREEK WARSHIPS ASSEMBLED FOR THE N.A.T.O. ANNIVERSARY.



A PHOTOGRAPH FROM FRANCE, SHOWING A RIVER LOIRE FERRY-BOAT PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED ON THE EMBANKMENT. THE BOAT, HELD IN THIS POSITION BY THE WEIGHT OF ITS MOTORS AT THE STERN, WAS ACCIDENTALLY STRANDED AND LATER WAS FLOATED OFF BY THE TIDE.



THE SUBMARINE DEPOT SHIP *H.M.S. FORTH*, WITH BRITISH AND U.S. SUBMARINES ALONGSIDE, PHOTOGRAPHED AT MALTA BEFORE THE RECENT N.A.T.O. CEREMONY.



SHIPS OF THE JAPANESE MARITIME SELF-DEFENCE FORCE AT YOKOSUKA NAVAL BASE, DRESSED OVERALL FOR THE CROWN PRINCE'S WEDDING, WHICH TOOK PLACE ON APRIL 9.



*Britain's finest cigarette,
just the best tobacco,
skilfully blended, expertly packed.*



THE INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE OF SECURITY

A new department of specialised knowledge has grown from the widespread industrial applications of 'Bostik' adhesives and sealers. Concerned with every aspect of 'Bostik' usage, and the extensive range of 'Bostik' products, this knowledge has led to the coining of a term to describe it: Bostikology.

Look where you will at the industrial scene—from the construction of ships, aircraft, cars, and the erection of buildings, to the newer electronic and nuclear energy industries—and you will find Bostikology expressing its attributes in its own idiom of efficiency. Typical terms are Bostikonomy—the economy that comes from using 'Bostik'; and Bostikacity—the unvarying tenacity of 'Bostik' products.

So many industries benefit, in so many ways, from the industrial science of securing and sealing with 'Bostik': from, in a word, Bostikology.

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NO doubt the Easter holiday, with its spring sunshine, daffodils, blue skies and driving sleet, is responsible for the benignity with which I have been viewing my long week-end's reading. Only one book disturbed me, and the devil of it is I can't think why. This is *WAR AT THE TOP*, written by James Leasor and containing the wartime experiences of General Sir Leslie Hollis. Ever since "Jo" Hollis told me that it was on its way I have been looking forward to the book's appearance. General Hollis, like his chiefs Lords Hankey and Ismay, was a public servant of almost frightening brilliance and efficiency, and, as a private individual, is the best possible company. Mr. Leasor, his Boswell, is a writer for whom I have a great admiration. (His "The Red Fort" is undoubtedly the best book on the Indian Mutiny I have ever read.) Why, then, with such a combination, do I feel a tiny nagging sense of disappointment? General Hollis lived and worked during the war at the heart of great events. Before the war he planned the "Hole in the Ground" (the War Cabinet's underground headquarters) in which he was to spend so much of his war service. He attended over 6000 meetings of the Chiefs of Staff. He went with Sir Winston to many of the great conferences, and was present when some of the war's most momentous decisions were taken. Here, surely, is the raw material of a great book? Why, then, did I have this feeling that it doesn't quite come off? Is it because a lot of ground has already been gone over, principally by the great master, Sir Winston, himself? That comes into it, too. But I think the real explanation is that author and his subject present the book almost too modestly; the tones are too muted. It is as if (and I shall be interested to know if this is the case) General Hollis and Mr. Leasor had deliberately set out to avoid anything like the exciting highlights of the Bryant/Alanbrooke combination. The book lacks all but a few of those small touches which would make the story come completely to life. Don't misunderstand me. I read every word of this book with enjoyment and instruction, and you would be foolish not to do the same. My only slight criticism is that I could have wished that General Hollis had been a shade less modest and self-effacing.

The more one considers it, the greater becomes the miracle of Dunkirk. General Hollis has left it on record that the nearer one was to full knowledge of our situation the greater were the doubts as to the possibility of our survival in that grim summer of 1940. Mr. David Divine has now produced the best book on Dunkirk which I have read so far, *THE NINE DAYS OF DUNKIRK*. There were, he says, "Three men of Dunkirk—Gort, Ramsay and Churchill." It is a judgment with which few who have read this excellent book will quarrel. If Lord Gort had been a less tenacious fighting soldier; if Admiral Ramsay had been a less courageous and enterprising sailor, and if Sir Winston had not possessed his qualities of imperturbable genius and burning inspiration; if, in fact, any one of these "ifs" had been missing, it is doubtful whether the B.E.F. could have been extricated. And if the B.E.F. had not been saved, it is difficult to see how we could have survived defeat.

When all was collapse and destruction in France, some of the Frenchmen who fought on shone out in the gloom of their country's collapse. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry was one of the most remarkable Frenchmen of his generation. Mr. Maxwell A. Smith has erected an attractive monument to his memory in his *KNIGHT OF THE AIR*. Saint-Exupéry was not merely a pioneer airman and a most gallant pilot, but a writer of the front rank. His death in 1944 somewhere in the Mediterranean area was a loss to post-war France—a loss of a man who was the Rupert Brooke of his French generation. Whether he himself would have liked to have survived into the post-war world is a little doubtful. The last lines he ever wrote, on July 30, 1944, ran as follows: "If I am brought down, I shall have absolutely no regrets. The human ant-hills of the future terrify me and I hate their virtue of robots. I was born a gardener." This is a refreshing book and one which will hearten all lovers of France.

I know that I ought to feel an adventurous thrill whenever I see a four-masted sailing-ship, because Conrad and Masfield and a score of other gentlemen whose judgment I respect, have told me so. And perhaps when I do see one in the—I was about to write "flesh," but I suppose, I ought to be "teak" or "canvas" or something—I do produce the proper reactions. But I cannot say that I like reading about them. Life before (or, indeed, on) all those masts must be unendurably unpleasant, and there always seem to be hurricanes or typhoons or fires in the hold or men overboard, or even total wrecks followed by weeks

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

and weeks in an open boat with only one pannikin of water and everyone going mad under the raging sun. No! For me, the *Queen Elizabeth* or a nice, fast aeroplane with convertible seats and a well-stocked bar. But when I read *IN DEEP*, by Frank Baines, I was delighted. I have not, I am sure, read this author's first book, "Look Towards the Sea," but I propose to get it at once, and I strongly advise readers to follow my

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IN giving you another game of my own, my excuse is that I am less incompetent to explain my own play than anyone else's.

Moreover, this game, played in the Bognor Regis international tournament against a promising young player from Bristol, has some unusual aspects; published games concentrate almost exclusively on successful attack, but here we see successful defence: D. G. WELLS B. H. WOOD D. G. WELLS B. H. WOOD

White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	3. P-QB4!	P-BP
2. Kt-KB3	P-QB4	4. P-K3	P×P

Through carelessness on my part, and cunning on my opponent's, I am now in a poor variation of the Queen's Gambit Accepted—the last opening I intended to play.

5. P×P P-K3

5... P-QKt4 is a hallowed way of getting into serious trouble. One pretty little catastrophe, for example, is: 6. P-QR4, P-QR3? 7. P×P...

6. B×P Kt-KB3 8. Kt-B3 P-QR3

7. Castles B-K2 9. P-QR4 QKt-Q2

White's last move prevented... P-QKt4. Making this move, I hoped for 10. P-R5? P-QKt4 with a good game (11. P×P e.p., Kt×P). My strategy is to establish a piece on my Q4, but it is a slow business, as I am behind in development already, and White can work up a ferocious attack on the king's side.

10. Q-K2 Kt-Kt3 13. Kt-K5 Castles

11. B-Kt3 QKt-Q4 14. R-Q1 B-B3

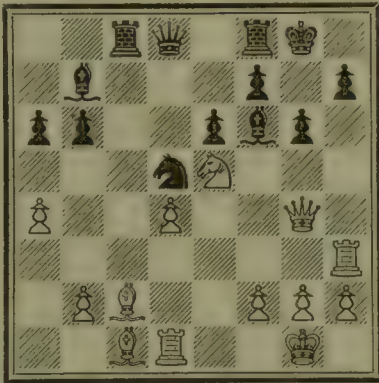
12. Kt×Kt Kt×Kt 15. Q-Kt4 P-QKt3

With this and moves 16 and 18, I complete my development. Panic measures are useless: one can only await the storm, making the best preparations one can...

16. B-B2 B-Kt2 17. R-R3! P-Kt3

White threatened to win at once by 18. B×Pch.

18. R-R3 R-B1



I suddenly realised the game had drawn a lot of spectators. As I looked up I caught the eye of my sardonic old friend L. L.—r, who pulled a face indicative of disgust and turned down his thumb in an expressive gesture. "Well," I thought, "If I am to lose, I lose; but I have some faith in my position: could any piece be better placed for defence?"

19. Kt×KtP RP×Kt 23. B-R6 R-KKt1

20. B×P P×B 24. R-KKt3 Q-B3

21. Q×KtPch B-Kt2 25. R-KB3 Q×R1

22. Q-R7ch K-B2 26. P×Q Kt-B3

White resigns, for 27. Q-Q3, B×B dis ch leaves Black with four pieces for the queen.

Now the analysts descended on the board, like wild animals robbed of their prey. "19. Kt×KtP threw it away!"—"Almost anything else would have won!" But could they find that win? Not in an hour of hectic effort. Their nearest was 19. B-Kt1, B-Kt2; 20. B-Kt5, Q-B2; 21. Q-R4, P-KR4; 22. P-KKt4, but after 22... P-B3, Black always had some resource.

Amusing was 19. B-Kt1, B-Kt2; 20. B-Kt5, Q-B2; 21. Q-R4, P-KR4; 22. B×P, P×B; 23. Kt×P. Black replies 23... Q-B7! and on 24. Q×P (to protect the two attacked pieces), continues 24... Q×BPch; 25. K-R1, Q-B8ch, etc.!

example. For Mr. Baines is a writer of real talent, a skilful observer of human nature, and a sailor who possesses quite as much heart as muscle. He can make me feel pity and fear and his own sheer joy of living. He can convey to me the stupid, the sentimental and the absurd as easily as he can sound the notes of anger or love. And when Mr. Baines wants me to cry—sour old cynic as I am—the Lord Lundy in me comes out and the tears duly pour down my cheeks. I know that the book contains some of the old ingredients about which I have just been pleased to make mild mockery: a death, a near-mutiny, and a rough-and-tumble in an Australian port. But

read it, for all that. It is a real book, written by a real man about real things—and written with real skill.

Now for some good novels. I began by thinking that *DETOUR THROUGH DEVON*, by Guy Endore, was going to be spoilt by affectations. It is the story of an American tramp, coming back by accident to the town where he had been born, dragged up in an orphanage, become a linguistic expert, married a rich girl, been tried for murder, sent the rich girl for six, and run away. The linguistic bits are odd, but you get used to them, and in the end you find that they fit into the book perfectly. The ending is a bit conventional, but that fits in, too.

THE TRUE VOICE, by Gerda Charles, is one of the saddest books I have ever read. I quite agree with the blurb-writer who tells me that there are many people whom this book will stir very deeply. I am one of them. Miss Charles's heroine is a rather dull, middle-class girl, with hankering after culture, who gets taken in by three "phonies," one after another. I have never read so moving a study of bewildered loneliness.

Miss Shirley Ann Grau's *THE HARD BLUE SKY* is quite another cup of tea. To read it at all, I had to overcome one of my most hardened prejudices, for it is written in a kind of Mississippi "jabberwocky." The characters all live on a most peculiar and uncomfortable island, and inbreeding has made them all very like one another. While I would not compare this novel with the two former, which are both quite outstanding, I feel that Miss Grau has succeeded in a difficult task, and that this is certainly another book to be read. The same is true, with some stronger reservations, of Raven Barratt's *CORONETS AND BUCKSKIN*, a novel set in British Columbia—a place where, in spite of its almost professional "Englishness," I had never expected to find a really impressive crop of coronets. However, Miss Barratt's heroine found herself with coronets at her buckskin door, so to speak, and the novel turns on the tensions which that situation produced. It is light-hearted and pleasant.

Then from another part of the world is Mr. Balachandra Rajan's *THE DARK DANCER*. I am told that this is a first novel, a novel describing the impact on a Cambridge-educated, Westernised Indian of his return to his native country during what one might call the adolescent years of independence. In our unthinking way the British failed to recognise both the good and the less good in the culture which they have imposed on their former subjects. Mr. Rajan has written a moving, perceptive and instructive book which it would do no harm for members of the Commonwealth Relations Office to have prescribed for them as compulsory reading.

A rough and exciting detective story set in the western mountains of America is *TROUBLE IN THE AIR*, by Mr. Kenneth Kay. It is well constructed, there is plenty of gun-play, and, on the whole, the "goodies" beat the "badies."

I end with two shorter references. The first is to *HYM*, the life story of a famous fox, by Colonel Cyril Heber Percy. It is well written by a man who knows his subject thoroughly, and I wish it could be sent to every member of the League Against Cruel Sports. Never, having read it, would they ever again recommend that foxes should be shot. The second book is *THE FRESHWATER LIFE OF THE BRITISH ISLES*, by John Glegg. It is a handsome new edition of an old favourite, and although I am too old to go fishing about in ponds for newts and things—however unscientific that may sound to Mr. Glegg—there are many who are not, and this book will increase their fun immeasurably.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- WAR AT THE TOP*, by James Leasor. (Michael Joseph; 21s.)
THE NINE DAYS OF DUNKIRK, by David Divine. (Faber; 21s.)
KNIGHT OF THE AIR, by Maxwell A. Smith. (Cassell; 18s.)
IN DEEP, by Frank Baines. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 21s.)
DETOUR THROUGH DEVON, by Guy Endore. (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.)
THE TRUE VOICE, by Gerda Charles. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.)
THE HARD BLUE SKY, by Shirley Ann Grau. (Heinemann; 18s.)
CORONETS AND BUCKSKIN, by Raven Barratt. (Hutchinson; 21s.)
THE DARK DANCER, by Balachandra Rajan. (Heinemann; 16s.)
TROUBLE IN THE AIR, by Kenneth Kay. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 13s. 6d.)
HYM, by Cyril Heber Percy. (Faber; 15s.)
THE FRESHWATER LIFE OF THE BRITISH ISLES, by John Glegg. (Warne; 21s.)

THE MONT BLANC ROAD TUNNEL—WHERE WORK PROGRESSES AT 32 FEET A DAY.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL ON THE ITALIAN SIDE. WORK BEGAN HERE LATE LAST YEAR AND THE TUNNEL—ABOUT SEVEN MILES LONG—IS DUE TO BE COMPLETED IN TWO YEARS.



AT THE WORKING FACE IN THE TUNNEL: ITALIAN WORKMEN ABOUT TO START A DRILLING OPERATION FROM THE THREE-TIER DRILLING PLATFORM.



THE SITE FOREMAN INSPECTING PROGRESS IN THE TUNNEL WITH HIS DOG, WHO REGULARLY VISITS THE WORKING FACE WITH HIS MASTER.

Work on the long-discussed Mont Blanc tunnel began from the Italian side late last year, and was due to begin on the French side this month. The photographs give some idea of the conditions at the working face, and when they were taken, the Italian team, after some three months' work, had already progressed over 200 yards into the mountain barrier near Mont Blanc, Europe's highest peak. As can be seen, one of the inconveniences which has arisen in the tunnel is the constant seeping in of water. But what is not evident



VIEW INSIDE THE TUNNEL, WHICH, WHEN COMPLETED, WILL BE THE WORLD'S LONGEST ROAD TUNNEL AND AN IMPORTANT NEW LINK BETWEEN FRANCE AND ITALY.

from the pictures is the deafening noise from the multiple drills, which makes speech almost impossible and necessitates a sign language. In order to attract someone's attention, you have first of all to gesticulate vigorously to him or flash a lamp. In the first stages of making the tunnel it has also been extremely cold, although when the two teams finally meet in the middle the temperature is expected to be more than 100 degrees Fahrenheit. (A diagrammatic drawing of the tunnel appeared in our issue of January 17.)



DRILLING AND BLASTING THEIR WAY TOWARDS FRANCE: ITALIAN MINERS AT THE WORKING FACE IN THE MONT BLANC TUNNEL. UNDETERRED BY THE WATER WHICH SEEPS IN FROM THE SURROUNDING ROCK.

Drilling in the Mont Blanc tunnel is progressing at the rate of 32 ft. per day—a speed which would have delighted the men who, during the last century, burrowed their way through the Alps to form the nearby St. Gothard railway tunnel at a distressingly slower rate. To penetrate the hard rock of the mountain the miners use Swedish pneumatic rock drills. A group of miners work side by side from a three-tier platform at the working face, each man using a separate drill. During each shift, about 100 holes are drilled 16 ft. into the

rock, and these are charged with explosive which is then detonated, blasting away about 1000 tons of rock. This cycle of operations is completed once every twelve hours, thus giving the rate of progress of 32 ft. each day. The two tunnelling teams, starting from opposite sides of the mountains, expect to meet each other in the middle in about two years' time, and the completed tunnel, remaining open in all seasons, will reduce the road distances between Paris and Milan by 194 miles, and between Paris and Turin by 137 miles.



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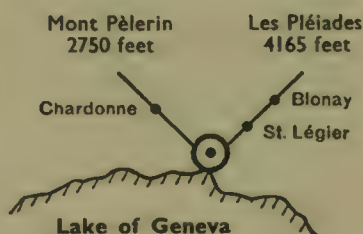
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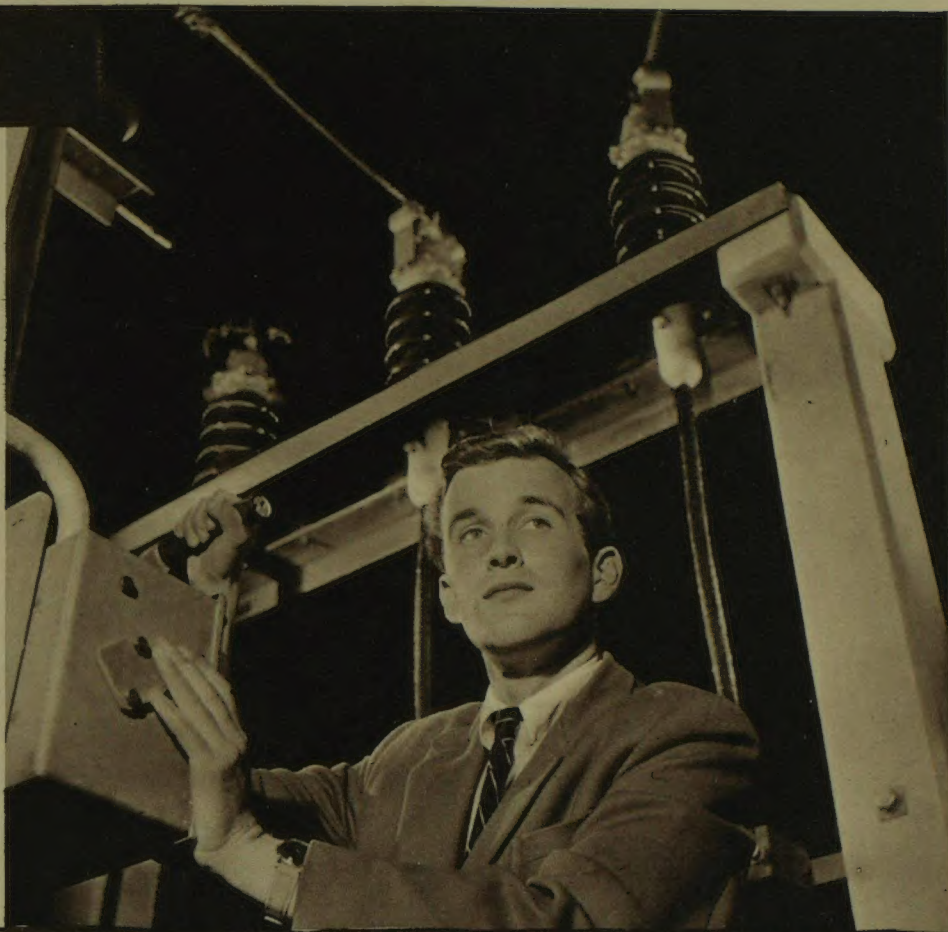
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growing sport. **PORGY AND BESS:** Picture preview of the forthcoming film of the Gershwin Negro classic. **SOCIAL NEWS:** Pictures at the Irish Grand National, the Quorn Hunt Ball and the Ledbury point-to-point. **VERDICTS** on the new plays by Anthony Cookman, on Films by Elspeth Grant, Books by Siriol Hugh-Jones and on Jazz by Gerald Lascelles. **PLUS** the regular features on News Portraits, Travel and Motoring.



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